

SNIPS WITHOUT SNAPS
OF KENYA

BY
EMILIE DELAP-HILTON



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(Without Prejudice)

By

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Though local names of places and persons may have been used in these stories, the writer states that no reference is intended to any living person.

NINE MONTHS IN CAMP.

CHAPTER I.

John Lane with his wife and wee daughter decided to leave Rhodesia early in 1904, having made their home in that colony since 1898, the year they were married. They found living was very expensive in those early days, with never a chance for saving or putting by for a rainy day. John had heard and read much about this new and young Colony, British East Africa, as it was then called. It was re-christened "Kenya" in 1920, this being a very suitable name, as Mount Kenia, 17,040 feet high, can be seen from so many points that it is a very well-known name of interest.

John and his family soon found themselves down at Beira, and going on board one of the coasting steamers found, to their surprise, twenty-five passengers also going to this new colony. They were mostly Dutch families, leaving Natal to try their luck in British East Africa.

The voyage took two weeks, as the steamer stopped at so many of the little ports along the coast collecting cargo of copra, ground-nuts, chilies and hides, etc. All the passengers were very excited and anxious on nearing Mombasa, the port for Kenya, as only small steamers were arriving then, and so were able to anchor safely in Mombasa Harbour. To-day so many big steamers call that they have to anchor in Kilindini Harbour, which is much bigger and deeper. Its name means "The Place of Deep Waters."

After a most pleasant and interesting trip all were delighted to get ashore, to see what this new place would be like. They found Mombasa very hot, as it was the month of March, which is the end of their hot season. No one had trouble in passing the Customs, although naturally many had a quantity of heavy luggage, as they brought their home treasures to start a fresh home again later on. To-day it is arduous work arriving and

passing with luggage through the Customs ; many articles are so heavily taxed. How aptly the Americans describe taxation—the process by which money is collected from the people to pay the salaries of the men who do the collecting. The surplus is used to pay the salaries of the men the people elect to decide how much shall be collected from them !

As there was no train leaving for two days to Nairobi, everyone went sight-seeing, although it is a very small island. They went over the fine old Portuguese fort, built in 1548. If it were only possible for this old fort to tell us its history about the numerous wars and sieges it has suffered with the Arabs and Portuguese ! It is now used as the jail. In the small Public Gardens stood a fine monument to a noted Scotch merchant, Sir William Mackinon, opposite the old Grand Hotel. Now the scene has changed—the hotel is no more, and there stands a fine building of The Standard Bank of South Africa. All Sir William ever gets is “ The Bird,” which yearly builds its little nest in his hand ; but still, there he stands, day after day, drenched by the tropical sun, with no hat, the usual heavy frock-coat, with high collar. Does he ever think of his home climate ? Or remember the “ Busman’s Winter Lament,” as he is being slowly frizzled and broiled—

“ First it blew and then it snow,
Then it friz and then it thew,
Then there came a shower of rain,
Then it friz and thew again.”

Sir William could foresee into what a good colony this would develop, for he founded and started the British India Steamship Company, which ran its first steamers of that line in 1872. We wonder if he were one of these wise Scotch folk who have a flash of pre-vision. If so, he saw little Indian stewards attending on the passengers in their cabins, with the inevitable duster or cloth. At times this was used as a loin-cloth, or maybe wound round their heads as a turban ; then again, when arriving in the tropics, most handy to wipe off the perspiration, or to clean down the cabin washstands—including other articles never men-

tioned in public, but always there all the same. Then, finally, this cloth gives its finishing polish to the tooth-glasses, and water-bottles. These brown stewards follow closely in their kwbwa bwanna's footsteps, but this only takes place on the *last* day of the voyage; for as sure as snails come after rain, so do the many new smiling brown faces appear suddenly for the first time on the voyage. Where have they come from? Where have they been hidden? Many a morning passengers are heard to shout "Steward! No water in my cabin!" But never sound of one, only the echo resounding along the passages, or maybe it comes from more waterless cabins. Then, after breakfast on this *last* day of sad farewells, these little brown men turn themselves into many monuments and statues, in most public thoroughfares and corners, the spots most in demand being at doors of saloons, bathrooms, cabins, top and bottom of stairways,—swarms of them everywhere! For all these untold mercies and many unseen luxuries, and funny little conjuring tricks of these Indian stewards, one has to pay the same fare as on a real pukka steamer which carries a good, white service on it, whose pay is naturally perhaps double what these Indian stewards receive. So what about it, Sir William?

Now there is another monument erected, in memory of Lieutenant Wavel and his Arab regiment, who fought in this last big War. All the Swahili and Arabs loved Wavel, as he became a Mohammedan, even to making the pilgrimage to Mecca. It would be a sad day for the hotels and tobacco merchants if Kenya white men all became Mohammedans!

At last came the day for the pioneers to start off on their railway journey. All at first were making Nairobi their headquarters. John Lane, his wife Elsie, and their little daughter, had a compartment to themselves, so were very comfortable for the next twenty-four hours. Nairobi is 330 miles from the coast, 5,577 feet high. It is one of the worst journeys—the red dust flying into the carriages, covering everybody and everything thickly with it. The

train stopped at special stations along the line, where good meals are prepared for the traveller. At some of the stations, where a few white folk live near by, they always come to see the train come in, and then see it depart, which is the exciting event of their lives in some of the lonely places here. Of course the natives also love to see this "iron horse," with so many white passengers, who maybe throw them some biscuits, cakes, or even money. The latter they grab at once, but the food has to be turned over many times, and smelt and sniffed well over, before having the pluck to nibble it.

After twelve hours' travelling, which has been a very stiff climb all the way, one sees a natural Zoo, with many animals of all descriptions looking happy and contented, fat and well. During the night two rather exciting events occurred which made Elsie very nervous. As the train pulled up suddenly, the guard, with several others of the passengers, were hurrying about with lamps, and a lot of excited talking was going on, then a rifle-shot rang out. John at once got out to see what could have happened, only to find that a tired and sleepy giraffe had lain himself down across the railway line to have a good night's rest, which was suddenly broken by the railway engine, which dashed right into it. It was so badly wounded that some kind passenger who had a rifle handy put it out of its misery.

A few hours after, on stopping at a station, the station-master was greatly perturbed at not receiving any news or wire from the next up-station, so the engine-driver was warned to proceed very cautiously, in case any accident might have happened. But the mystery was soon solved on the train's arrival at this small wayside station. At first it looked totally deserted; there were no lights, and not a soul was about. Soon were heard shouts coming from the high water-tank, for thereon sat the Indian station-master, with his two helpers, who had sought refuge there for safety six hours ago. It transpired that three lions had walked in and taken over the charge of the

station, and appeared most determined to remain there, especially at the foot of that water-tank, as he could smell their supper. The poor frightened Indians had thrown down a slip of paper with a message written on it, in the hope that a native might come along and give it to someone. "Send at once one rifle and three cartridges, as three lions have taken possession of the station, so we have taken possession of the high tank." The noise of the train arriving had caused the family of lions to move a short distance away, but the men passengers soon made up a small party, with three rifles that were fortunately amongst their luggage, and went out to look for them. They soon spied the animals in a bush quite close to the station, and shot two ; the other was only wounded, so got away, most likely to die in the bush later on. Then the poor Indians climbed down from their high perch, feeling very cramped, but very grateful to have been rescued so soon, and the lions finished off for good. This station and district seemed a favourite place for lions. We heard that only two weeks ago two men were travelling in the same carriage together, and when stopping at the station, one went out of the carriage for five minutes and left the door open. On his return he found a big lion dragging out his sleeping companion. Before he could be rescued he was so badly mauled and bitten that he died. It was a very dark night, and it had all happened so suddenly that the lion escaped.

Next morning at sunrise everyone had a fine clear view of "Kilimanjaro," 19,715 feet high. It is an extinct volcano, and always has a saddlelike covering of snow at its top. It is in Tanganyika Colony, which was once German East Africa.

The journey passed very pleasantly. On both sides of the line could be seen many animals quite near ; some stood and looked very quietly at the train passing by, while others, more timid, took to their little heels, and rushed wildly off, and when at a safe distance turned to have a good look at the dreadful train. Big herds of ostriches and zebras, nice happy families of baboons, fathers holding

out the baby to see the train well, and mothers holding two lively youngsters by the hand, and all seemed very pleased at seeing the wonderful sight. A family of seven giraffe were seen taking their early morning walk very sedately, and we wondered if they had already heard of the sudden death of their friend up the line the night before. Heaps of wild pig and guinea-fowls about. Every kind of antelope, from the large ones to the very pretty, graceful, small "Thompson-gazelle," with beautiful markings on them. Athi Plains seemed their favourite home by the many numbers there. This place is only a short distance outside Nairobi, so the journey was nearly finished.

Although everyone arrived dirty and dusty, all were very cheerful, and so far delighted with the journey, and to think this country was going to be their future homes. All had forgotten the heat of Mombasa, for Nairobi that day was very cloudy and chilly. Of course the usual excitement and muddle of sorting out luggage ensued, the busy native porters snatching up wrong boxes and kindly giving them to the wrong party, very likely thinking how fussy white folk are, to be so particular, as so many boxes look exactly the same. They would be only too grateful to get any one of them, and if not watched carefully would soon snap one up like a hungry ostrich.

Little Joyce was as happy as a bird. Elsie told John she was feeling awfully dirty, and must soon get into a bath. John was too busy to know how he was feeling, but soon collected up their goods and made for the Masonic Hotel, which was only a short distance from the station.

CHAPTER II.

There were then only two small hotels in Nairobi, and, like the London buses, were mostly "full-up," so it was impossible for John to book a room. Joyce was sadly upset over this at first, but it all turned out for the best in the end. Nearly all the new arrivals, and especially those

who wished to be careful over their ready cash, as John had to be, bought a tent, beds, cooking utensils, and camped out on some ground provided by the Government ; it was quite close to the hotel and small town. Already fifty families were camping out there. John soon got busy buying their tent and truckle-beds, which folded up tidily during the day, and gave them more room. They had brought their own bedding with them, so by night their sleeping arrangements were quite comfortable. For the first two or three days they took their meals at the hotel, until they had fixed themselves up with provisions and cooking utensils. In a week they and many more had settled down very happily to tent-life, and for the next eight months were quite contented with it. Elsie now says she laughed more in those nine months than at any other time of her life, and all kept so healthy and well.

It was delightful sitting over big wood fires in the evenings chatting to the other neighbours who came along. Then the fires were keeping off the lions and other wild animals which might be prowling near about.

The chief excitement was the tent robberies. The thieves would come quietly along, and cut open the side of the tent, and carry off a box or two. John at once bought a long chain, placed all the boxes on the top of each other, then pulled the chain through all the handles, and padlocked it securely to the other end, so they never had a box taken. But at last these robberies were so frequent that the camp sent up a report to the police-quarters, and asked for extra police protection. Orders were at once given to double guard the camping-ground. These native police look very smart in their uniform of khaki-shorts, wide red cholera belts, and red fez caps, putties, but no boots. They are really too smart ! When the double guard was put on, double the number of boxes disappeared ! Again a request was sent up to the police headquarters, asking if the camp were to be left entirely without police protection. The camp folk would soon have to go about naked. Another guard was sent, and soon stopped the robberies.

But the Mombasa burglar is "IT." Not a bit like the London professional, who walks nonchalantly along, with only a small attaché-case, containing a few tools. Mombasa native thieves walk about bravely and openly at midnight, carrying long ladders on their shoulders, or in their hands a pick-axe, crowbar, and shovel. They are not afraid of the police! No, not they! They are real, jolly good fellows! These thieves would make excellent "Cat-burglars," for they climb like monkeys up cocoanut trees, and so would feel quite at home going up London spouts. But they have their own methods. If the desired house is on the second-floor, they place a long ladder up to the verandah, and so as to feel quite safe they tie a strong rope to one of the pillars, in case the ladder might be removed, then they can slip down by the rope. On their midnight journey these men passed several asikaris (native police), who never felt surprised enough to stop and ask them why they were carrying such a heavy load midnight. Maybe they thought the ladder was required to crawl down into their little mud-huts, and the rope to pull themselves snugly into bed! It was quite a miracle that the asikari on duty, who was supposed to be marching up and down the houses, did not fall over the rope, or the ladder. Perhaps he had heard that it would be very unlucky to walk under a ladder, so wisely kept far away. When the chosen spot is an office on the ground-floor, and the windows and doors are securely bolted and barred, then the crowbar and shovel come in very useful in chipping through a small hole that his thin body can crawl through; the thief must be a very patient worker, as these walls are built of coral and cement, often nine inches thick. But there again the gentle midnight banging and hammering, with big coral-rock lumps tumbling down, do not at all disturb the asikari on his beat there. Why worry over such trifles?

Lately there had been a slump in robberies, it was rumoured, because these asikaris were demanding too much share of their takings! "Ours is a nice police-force, ours is." None such elsewhere!

At first John and Elsie lived very quietly in their tent. Little Joyce was made a great pet, running in and out of all the tents like a little rabbit. Elsie found herself a good "tent-keeper"; everything was kept spotless, and in order. She cooked their chief big meal midday over their camp-fire. To their great delight everything in the food line was very cheap, and it only cost them one rupee per day for their expenses ($1/4$). Native women came round with vegetables, and a heavy load of wood on their backs. On the top of this wood, like "the King of the Castle," would sit a small baby, which never seemed to cry or get fidgety like a white baby.

Once John had a bad fright. One night Elsie gave a loud, piercing scream, then came a splash and a gurgling of water, and frantic kicks and gasps. John at first thought that a lion was dragging her out of bed, but on flying to the rescue, he found Elsie head-downwards in her bath, that she had pushed under her bed, to be emptied in the morning, but the wretched canvas of her bed had suddenly split, and let her in head foremost. This noise woke up little Joyce, who sat up in her cot like a sleepy little kitten, and said, "What is Mummy doing? Me can only see her yegs and trots." John calmly said, as he laid her down again, "Go to sleep, darling; Mummy is only washing her head to-night, and everything is always topsy-turvy in Kenya."

Another very laughable incident happened in their tent. It was John's birthday, so he thought he would celebrate the occasion. Elsie had already gone to bed, as she was tired and sleepy. This brain-wave of John's was to open a small bottle of champagne and drink to their success. Elsie told him where to find the "skrubu ya kuonfolea kizibo" (only a small word for "cork-screw"). The only light in the tent was a stable-lamp, which gives a very poor light, and makes a big shadow around it. John went across to the table to find the two cups there, poured out the champagne into them, and passed one to Elsie, who was soon enjoying her drink. John, on taking down

a big swig, shuddered badly and made grimaces, and said, "Well! I've never tasted salted champagne before." Elsie only laughed and took another drink of hers, and said it was excellent, and nothing wrong with it, so John took up his cup again, when he heard it give forth a rattling sound. "My word! this is a mystery! It sounds like bones trying to talk." Not till then did Elsie remember that in one of those cups she had popped in her false teeth to which she always added a generous pinch of salt in the water, to kill any germs! Poor John was not a germ, but a gem, as he had a good hearty laugh over his loss of champagne!

In their spare time they learnt phrases from a Swahili-book, compiled by a missionary who had lived many years in the country. One of the sentences to be first learnt on housekeeping is, "Wewe hufanyi neno lo lote bila kula, kunwa an kulala." This is telling your servant that "You do nothing but eat, drink, and sleep." There is also a very important phrase to commit to memory, and must be oft repeated to the kitchen-boy, who is mostly a hungry toto (youngster)—"Nimem wambia mara nyingi asizirambe sahani." Translated—"I am telling you many times not to lick the plates." But, after all, what can one expect, as it really does seem like nature's way provided for cleaning plates and dishes quickly and thoroughly. For their big fat lips, and large broad red tongues seem in a way born for it, and nature will out at all times. These useful implements are good "Swopper-ups" and good broad "Plate-lickers!" Who knows, one day we shall see some new invention on these nature-lines for kitchen use, which will be advertised largely in every paper. It has never been known to fail in removing every speck from off the articles. It only waits for the Memsahib's back to be turned for a second, then out darts this little instrument, and gets busily to work, like a lizard or snake, and all cleaned and polished up in a jiff. No trouble over bowls, hot soda-water or cloths, etc. The natives must be as much amused over our fussy ways as

we are over their easy-going ways. They are genuine philosophers, and truly believe what is settled in Heaven will come to pass on earth, so never a worried brow, or heartache. They go on lightly and cheerily day after day, really enough to make the civilized world break the tenth commandment many times over. One day Elsie was trying to sympathize with "Yussif," her native boy, as five of his friends had suddenly been killed in an accident. The night before these friends were caught in a very heavy down-pour of rain, and being near a railway station saw a goods train stationary, so had a brain-wave to creep under some of the trucks, to get out of the rain and have "forty winks." Of course, they did not think that the train would move until their sweet sleep was over; but, sad to relate, it did, and five of the sound sleepers were so cut up that shovels had to be used to pick up their pieces. But Yussif and their relations made no trouble over it, but calmly and perhaps wisely said, with a shrug of the shoulders, "M'ngu shuri" (God's business). There, it was finished, and so nothing more could be said. If they could only express themselves clearly maybe they would say like the poet:—

"What, without asking, hither hurried whence,
And, without asking, whither hurried hence!"

When Elsie once again started housekeeping, these native-boys were her servants. She required great patience in trying to teach and train them to work in a white man's house, in which there were so many articles they had never seen before. These boys, who just come in fresh from their kraals and shambas, are called "raw" native servants, but even when taught for several months or years still remain remarkably "under-done."

It is said that people and nations are judged, in regard to their advancement in culture and civilization, by the amount of soap consumed. Then what about our Kenya native house-boy, who daily pinches lumps of it. One can never leave a cake, or the least bit of it about. To put that temptation out of their way, one suddenly remembers

a piece left in the bath-room or elsewhere, so goes at once to hide it safely away. But it has already vanished ! Of course, none of the boys when asked about it ever saw it, and try to look as if they hardly knew what soap looks like !

Most of these boys are Mahommedans, and as in all religions there are some good and some bad. When they are good, they are very, very good ; but when they are wicked, they are horrid. This religion upsets housekeeping and every kind of business once a year, which is during their Fast (or rather Feast), called the " Ramadan." Then all true believers of this faith must fast from one certain fixed new moon to the next new moon. But why it is really called a Fast is unknown, for they are only required to fast from sunrise to sunset, even not being allowed to sip a drop of water during the day. But when the sun has set, they are then allowed to eat and drink all night, which they certainly do, and make up for lost time. So instead of resting and sleeping at nights, and so coming fresh to their work next morning, they arrive on the scenes tired, sleepy, and blown-out with over-eating, through trying to take on board cargo to last them the next twelve hours ! They are fit for nothing all that month, and the white population dread this Ramadan fast, which name should be changed into " The Ram-it-down " nuisance. It also causes a great reluctance to work, which lasts well into another month !

Strange though it may sound to folk in Europe, although it is the general opinion of all whites in native countries, the mission-boy is a dead failure, and everyone fights shy of him, especially as a house-boy. The missionaries themselves even own up to that true fact, and explain that it is only the bad boy who leaves the Mission and wants to go into the towns and get work—this class of boy is always a bad failure in the missions. A little smattering of the three " R's," with a little Bible-learning, is a dangerous mixture. The well-known saying truly proves that—
" A little knowledge is a dangerous thing ! "

Only once did Elsie engage a mission-boy, as he knew a little English, but he was always stealing from the pantry, and cigarettes and whisky ; and several times came to work drunk. At the time she could not speak Swahili well enough to give orders, so on that account forgave him many times, even to seventy times seven. But one day she knew for certain that he had stolen 100/- note, although he tried to put the blame on the other boys. She called in the police, who found it hidden away in his box. At first the boy denied having stolen it. An enemy had put it in his box, he alleged ; but no one believed that yarn. Elsie took the case to court, and when the magistrate asked the delinquent what made him take the money, he said that he saw it in a drawer, and God put it into his heart to take it and put it into his own pocket. So God put it into the magistrate's heart to give him three years in jail.

CHAPTER III.

After Elsie had lived three months of camp-life, she began to know more of her tent-neighbours, with their characteristics and funny little ways. On looking around on them she thought what a queer thing Life was, no two characters or lives being alike. It helped her to understand how the natives believed in Fate, and so many times this quotation would flash upon her :—

“ To each the gods ascribe a different lot—
Some rest on snowy bosoms, and some do not.”

Next to Elsie's tent lived an Irish family, so at times she saw and heard more than she wanted to. This family consisted of an elderly father and mother, a son of twenty-five years, and twin sons of eighteen. They had only one tent, which was crowded with boxes and the inevitable gramophone. They possessed but one deck chair, on which the old mother always sat in state. Their camp outfit seemed only to contain a frying-pan, kettle and teapot,

and a few tin mugs, and two knives. As the camp water-tap was a good long walk away from the camp, no doubt the old lady had to wash at times in the frying-pan ! The mother commenced camp-life by wearing a nice sensible black, serge costume, which to Elsie's knowledge she never took off in the whole six months' residence there. By the end of that time it was turned into a real, rich, thick satin costume. It certainly would have "stood alone," as our grandmothers used to say with pride when talking about the rich quality of their silks and satins ! This costume now was certainly "rich"—inasmuch as it was covered with grease and paraffin, etc. Who knows?—there may be a fortune awaiting someone to work out this easy, cheap process of turning common serge into rich good satin ! The family lived continually on fried meat and chipped potatoes, washed down by very strong tea ; for their evening meal the same menu, only washed down by something even stronger than tea. The poor, still growing twins always seemed in a state of hunger, so whatever meat was over from their meals they popped into their pockets for reserves to fall back on later. After a few weeks Elsie could smell them coming to call on her, and during the chat they would take from their pockets either a chop or a piece of steak, all covered with dust and fluff, and start to chew it. These twins were so exactly alike that no one at first knew the difference. Both had the same shade of green moss growing on their teeth, were "crossed-eyed," and often tumbled into each other. Then one would growl out, "Why don't you look where you are going to?" The other half-twin would answer, "Why don't you go where you are looking?" But the mystery of the twins was solved by providence stepping in one night, and so ever after all knew "which was which, and which was t'other."

Their tent could hardly be called "a Pussyfoot's home," as at times they all suffered from a peculiar form of malaria, not altogether unknown in Kenya, and elsewhere all over the world ! The mother was seen to fall out of her deck-chair when these dizzy malaria attacks came upon her.

These also caused the father to stagger about badly, as the malaria germs were very active in his legs. Then these very active germs made the twins too quarrelsome and active, so fell to fighting each other, and this was where Providence kindly stepped in, as one night, both suffering from this malaria, they went for each other, and one twin received a very black eye, and the other twin had one of his green teeth knocked out. Henceforth Elsie and the rest of the camp knew them separately! She re-christened the "black-eyed" one, "Eusi-jito," (Swahili word for "Black eye"), and the one minus the green tooth "Jino," Swahili for tooth. But Elsie thought it suited the occasion better to alter the letter "J" into "G," as "Gino" was just the very right name for him and their tent. The eldest son, when the malaria attacks came on him, was really dangerous, and so very bad, too bad even for it to be a case for the hospital, that it had to be a case for the police-court, with free board and lodging in the Government Hotel for two weeks, as he was in such a high state of fever that it caused him to fire off his revolver at random, one of the many bullets passing through the Lane's tent just above John's head.

After seven months in the camping ground this lively family obtained a very good piece of land for a large farm, not far out of Nairobi. But as time went on they did no good with it, for if you want to lose money keep right on down "Easy-lazy" Street. They were a family who got bent and crooked trying to avoid work, whilst there are some folk who get bent through too much work and toil!

The camp made great fun and jokes about them, and all said when they went out to this new land for farming that they started to adopt near relations, as they went in for pig-farming on a very cheap, lazy and economical scale. They merely dug out a big pit, then threw the poor pigs down into it, and there left them to breed and multiply. All rubbish and anything that died was thrown into the pit for their food, so nothing was wasted. It was heard later on that the "malaria" was more frequent on the

farm, and during one of these attacks the whole family was down with "it," the poor mother accidentally receiving a bullet in her ankle, which in a few months turned into blood-poisoning, that caused her death a few weeks later on.

Shortly after, the father died from a neglected cold, which started a real, genuine attack of malaria. Just about this sad time their pigs grew beautifully fat, and sold well. "Nuff" said about "well-fed country-pork"! The sons soon grew tired of farm-life, so sold the land very cheaply, had a dreadful quarrel over dividing up the money—then all disappeared out of the country.

To-day that good farm of theirs is a very valuable property and one of the best and biggest coffee estates in Kyambu, and has lately sold for £25,000.

Other tent-neighbours that greatly interested Elsie were an elderly married couple. They were most friendly, and had everything very nice and comfortable around them; they also seemed to have more money than the other tent-dwellers. The man was a very clever liar. Oh, dear! what a dreadful *lapsus calami*. Of course, this was meant for a "Very clever Lawyer." But this mistake is so easily explained, as there are so many of both kinds in this Colony that it is so difficult not to get them mixed-up; again, it is another case like those twins, to pick out correctly "which is which, and which is t'other." Perhaps, after all, these natives are not such geese as they look, as it is very strange that their Swahili word for Europe is "Ulaya," pronounced "You liar." And when one comes across so many of this tribe of whites it does seem the right appropriate name for them!

But, sad to relate, this Mrs. Lawyer was another that never could be accused of being a "Pussyfoot," yet she was down like a ton of bricks on the poor twin's mother, who suffered from the same complaint as herself. She really was an amusing old hypocrite. She was very strong in recommending that Mrs. Twins should be put on to the water-waggon cure, and if that had no good effect, she then

ought to be put inside the water-waggon, as what so sad a woman-drunkard? If it were possible, she would love to throw all the strong drinks into a river. (John here remarked, when Elsie had told him of her doings and sayings, "Guessed her favourite hymn would then be 'Shall we gather at the River?' She would be the first there, and sitting dangerously close to the edge of the bank.") She was the biggest chatterbox in the Camp, and must have been vaccinated on the tongue with a gramophone-needle.

She was so sly and foxy, but Elsie read her truly right from the start off. She used to toss and gulp "it" down with great relish and sparkling eyes. She was a little too polite and lady-like to smack and lap her lips after a good drink, but Elsie felt she did that behind her dainty mouchoir on the sly, so as to be careful not to lose the least drop or flavour of it. Very often, whilst drinking it, she would give forth little shivers and shudders, trying hard to pull dreadful grimaces as the glass went up to her lips, and would say, "Oh! how I just hate having to take this beastly tasting stuff! But I take it on my doctor's orders, and above everything else, to please my dear Gussy (her husband), as these small nips of brandy are so good for my weak heart," etc., etc. Elsie would like to have chipped in "weak brain," and so often recommended and offered to make her a nice cup of tea or coffee instead of that "beastly stuff." Again, the doctor had seriously warned her against either, for if she took it she "might fall down dead on the spot." (Well! a sad pity if that were to happen!) So the sly fox still said, "Again I feel, only for dear Gussie's sake, I must struggle somehow to get another little dose down." No sooner said than done, murmuring at the same time in a pitiful weak voice, "What we poor wives go through for these dear husbands of ours is a marvel! Now when my dear Gussie returns I hope to feel better and my heart stronger and quieter." If dear Gussie's return was delayed, a third, fourth, or goodness

only knows how many more doses had to be forced (? ?) down !

She was always great in recommending brandy to be well rubbed into stiff joints, and she found that the open-air tent life was very trying to her poor old joints, so she was always massaging herself, and would give her joints a "real good soaking" several times a day, which she said, using up so many bottles of brandy, accounted for so many empty bottles lying around outside their tent. Elsie quite believed in "the extra good soaking" taking place when she laid in bed the whole morning rubbing (?) it well in ! She had to do it, for dear Gussie's sake. For on his return for lunch she must get her limbs easy and agile, as seeing her in pain worried him so sadly that he would eat nothing. Elsie's private views on this internal-soaking cure, caused her external looks to show that if she kept on at this rate it would soon cause her external end, which certainly would be a real and lasting cure.

Elsie thought here was an opportune time to tell the following story—"Have you heard about the doctor who rubbed his patient's back for lumbago with brandy? and that caused the poor man's death? He tried to turn and twist about so much to lick it off that he broke his neck." But she was too maudlin to see the joke, so only said, "The doctor was certainly to blame there, as he should have rubbed it on his chest." She had one of Ruskin's books on the bed, and Elsie's eye caught this sentence—"No human capacity ever yet saw the whole of a thing, but we may see more and more of it the longer we look." Elsie wondered which way she would look at it. The drunkard would think, "There, my clever fellow, you are entirely wrong, as we often see more than there really is to see, and even at times two of everything."

The broken-neck story so depressed her that she had to take a stiff dose to cheer up her drooping spirits. Little Joyce was with her mother, and so watched all the painful shudders and grimaces very sadly, so had to say :—

"When I have to take merry-tune, (medicine) I always nip my nose so as not to smell the nasty stuff."

"Well, darling, I'm afraid that might make my nose red, then people might say, 'See how she drinks too much! —Look at her red nose!' And that would never do."

Elsie smiled to herself, as by the end of the day her poor nose would be not only crushed and purple, but badly swollen, but no fear of her doing that—she would not like to miss that lovely aroma on any account!

Her husband got a good practice together, as he was a hard worker, and there were always plenty of land-sales and farms changing hands, and court cases going on. He was soon able to furnish a very nice house, and they had a good comfortable home. After three months of tent-life they bid the Camp farewell. Elsie and John often called on them, and found a very warm welcome always awaiting for them. All went on well and flourishing with them for the next two years, when she suddenly died of a blood-vessel bursting on the brain. Dear Gussy was terribly cut up, and seemed quite heart-broken over the loss of his poor wife. He never felt well, and could not take the same real interest over his work, so the doctor strongly advised him to take six months' trip to England. The very idea at once did him good. What cheered him up was the thought that he would make this trip for the sole purpose of bringing back a most beautiful and expensive tomb-stone for his dear life chum and loving wife!

Dear Gussy got as far as "Gay Paree," where he met a smart, young French flapper and married her slap-bang-off! He returned to Nairobi after his sixteen months' trip, looking ten years younger. Sad to relate, the beautiful marble tomb-stone was quite forgotten, but there was a lovely expensive double perambulator instead!

But, really, one must forgive him. One could hardly expect him to return with his late wife's tomb-stone, a pram, one small son, and one lively young wife all mixed up with his luggage. Naturally that would have caused a

little domestic friction during the honeymoon and voyage. No, it couldn't be done!

The camp all said, "The dirty dog! How very 'dis-Guss-ting!'"

To-day there are many little Gussies running around, and outside Nairobi in the cemetery is a very neglected grave all over-grown with weeds. But dear Gussy is living happy ever after, and Elsie says he certainly deserves, and wishes him, the very best of luck.

Soon after the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Lawyer, another estimable couple arrived, and John and Elsie soon chummed up with them. He was a retired Indian Officer, and she an extra well-bred and educated lady. Both of them devoted to animals, especially dogs, of which they had six. She would talk to them just like children. Elsie would hear her saying:—"Now, Kitty dear, (this was an old faithful terrier), if I do take you all out for a walk, you being the eldest must look well after the others, and see that they behave well, as I feel too tired myself to keep them all in order."

But this couple with their pet dogs started off very badly. They had dreadful bad luck. In a month only, poor little Kitty was the only dog left out of the six. The other five were taken by either lions or leopards from the tent at nights.

One very valuable mother-dog was just expecting her little family, and so always slept on her mistress's bed at night, so as to be quite safe from danger. But somehow a leopard crept very quietly into the tent one dark night, and snatched her from off the bed, and not a sound was heard, so made off with her before her kind mistress was properly awake. Both she and the Major were terribly upset, and he swore that he would kill the leopard before many more nights passed. So he fixed up a trap with a leg of mutton as bait in it, then arranged his loaded rifle to go off directly the mutton was taken. For several nights the leopard did not appear, so the Major got fidgety, as both were so very disappointed at not killing it. One night

he got up to see if the rifle was still fixed, to go off easily with a touch. As he reached the spot he gave a stumble over a stone that the rifle was placed on, and must have touched the trigger, as it went off and shot the Major badly in the knee. John at once got up and fetched the doctor, but in those early days there were not these latest drugs and preventatives against blood-poisoning. The next day the Major was taken along to the Hospital, and after a consultation the doctors advised him to have his leg amputated just above the knee. That was done, but even after two months it never healed up well, and still the Major felt very bad pains with it. As it seemed to get worse the doctors again amputated all the leg, as that was the only chance of saving his life. But it must have been too late, as a few days after this operation he died of gangrene.

His poor wife and Kitty fretted sadly and sincerely. She soon returned to England quite broken-hearted. Poor old Kitty died after her arrival there, which was "the last straw" to her kind mistress, who died in the following winter. She had never really recovered from the shock of her husband's accident and death.

John, one night, had the greatest satisfaction of shooting that leopard. He was a real big, handsome animal. Later on his wife, Mrs. Leopard, and sweet pretty little son, Master Leopard, were also shot by the Campers. Also John was in a small way the cause of the death of a fine lioness. As Elsie was bathing and putting little Joyce to bed, and John's room was more valuable than his company in these small quarters, he took a walk to the funny little Post-Office only a few yards away. This building consisted of a two-room cottage, built up on piles, so had to have six steps up to it. This evening, as John was mounting up the steps, "Gipsy," the post-master's little terrier dog, was in a terribly excited state, darting right under the house and coming back with all her hair standing on end. John only laughed at her, and so went up into the office for a little chat with the post-master. He remarked that "Gippy" was very excited over something under the

house, and his master said he guessed it was a rat, as "Gippy" was an excellent ratter. So they went on chatting for a short time when suddenly underneath their feet and thin wooden flooring they heard a terrible "kelele" (noise), much more than an army of rats could ever make. So at once the post-master took up his loaded rifle, and John snatched up the stable-lamp off the table, and went down to investigate. On John bending down to look under the house, with the faint glimmer of the lamp, he saw a very funny, big kind of rat glaring at him with wild shining eyes, ever so much brighter than his lamp. He saw at once it was a fine lioness, with a tiny, wee cub suckling its mother. The post-master shot her dead on the spot. After they had waited a short time to see that she was genuinely dead, and not foxing as they mostly do, and then spring upon their victim, they both crawled under the house, and took the little cub, which was only a very few hours old. Little brave "Gippy" was now quite satisfied and very proud of herself, as it really was her "kill." The cub was brought up on the bottle and tin-milk, and grew into a beautiful little animal, and for a long time "Gippy" and "Cubby" were great play-mates, and always slept together in the same box. "Cubby" was the pet of Nairobi until he grew too old, and developed queer little tastes, and wished for a menu of bigger things, such as native's legs, and perhaps even for "Gippy." Once, when calling to visit Joyce, he seemed to take a great liking to her fat legs, and would keep sniffing at her too much, and growled when John tried to entice him away from her. He began to remember the food that his great-grand-parents loved, and he was starting to long for too. So he was shipped off to the London Zoo, where Joyce saw him a few years later. He was then very happy eating a big lump of raw beef, so took no notice of her at all.

CHAPTER IV.

Of course, there was the usual sad and sordid story in the Camp, that one reads of every day in the newspapers by the dozen. The pretty, wilful, spoilt, infatuated girl who has run away from home with a scoundrel who is always promising to marry her and never does. This silly young girl used to sit alone very much in her tent, which gave her time then to see that everything was not quite what she thought it was going to be. It began to dawn on her that "Life" was going to be a very serious affair, and what a fool she had made of herself, and a terrible trouble to her kind parents, who had warned her time after time that this man was a "rotter;" but as usual "Love" is blind, and she was only eighteen years old. This couple kept very much to themselves. Elsie heard him calling her "Mary," and at times she could see that the girl had been crying sadly, which made Elsie feel she must somehow get friendly with her, to try and help her, and cheer her up.

At last a good opportunity turned up, as one morning the Camp noticed that this man went off to the Station with all his boxes to catch the Mombasa down-train, leaving her behind. After a few hours Elsie and Joyce went for a walk past Mary's tent, to see if she was there. They could hear her weeping, so Elsie at once went in, and asked what she could do for her. At first Mary was too shy and ashamed to talk much about her own affairs. She only said that as her husband could not hear of any work in Nairobi he had gone down to Mombasa, where he had had a good billet offered him, and that when he was settled he was sending for her to come down to him. That now she was quite alone in the Camping-ground, and felt very lonely and down. Elsie told her to cheer up, as all in the Camp would look after her, and would see she was quite safe and happy with them. Elsie took her back to have dinner with them, and soon Mary was

much brighter. So three weeks went by. Mary was a very nice sweet girl, and all took to her ; but as time went on, and no news or letter came from her supposed husband she began to fret and worry again, as he had left her with only £5 to go on with. John at last thought it was time for him to make private enquiries about this man in Mombasa, where and what he was doing. So he wrote to the police there, who soon replied that a man of that name and description had six weeks ago travelled as a seaman on a cargo-steamer for Australia, where he said he was returning to his wife and three children. To this day he has never again been heard of.

John had the very sad task of breaking this bad news to poor Mary, but the sooner done and over the better. So after supper that evening he and Elsie went across to Mary's tent. On hearing about this wretched "shauri" at first she seemed very dazed, then on talking things over quietly could hardly be so very surprised, and she was now half expecting this state of things. By this time she had greatly taken to John and Elsie, who had befriended her so kindly the few last weeks. She then told them all her troubles, of what a foolish girl she had been, and now was being punished for it. In a few months' time her little un-wanted baby would be arriving, and all her money was finished, so what could she do? John and Elsie again told her not to fret and worry herself ill, as they would see her safely through all her coming troubles. Needless to say, when the Camp heard about the exciting news of such a young arrival in the Camp, which would be the first one to start its little life, they were only too glad to stand by her, and give her real practical help. To cheer up Mary, Elsie at once started rummaging in her very sacred and private box, which had not been opened since Joyce had begun to be on the run about in this truly "Mother's box," and wore then what looked very like "doll's clothes."

It seemed only a few months ago that her little Joyce was cuddled up snugly in a sweet little bundle, and was

looking like a little angel. The sight of these wee things made the tears start in Elsie's eyes, and gave her a sad heartache, as she was thinking over poor Mary's future, and what a sad little Mother she would be. She must now face all this trouble alone, in a strange country, so far away from her parents, and short of money, when she was requiring extra for these coming expenses. How she would miss the loving, kind care that the usual young wives receive from a devoted and proud future father. While this box was being unpacked little Joyce was watching everything with very sharp eyes. She was now five years old and of course very inquisitive about seeing these wee clothes coming to light, chatting all the time, and asking many questions.

"Mummy, what are you going to do with these funny, small things? Are you going to buy me a doll? I would much rather have a little brudder, who can cry properly by himself, and not have to squeeze his tummy to make him say 'Mamma' and 'Papa.' I can easily put him into my big doll's pram and push him about the Camp."

On Elsie listening to this sweet childish chatter, she could only sadly think and wonder what would be the future of this sweet little daughter, and she silently prayed that if ever little Joyce were in the same trouble as poor Mary, a good helpful friend would turn up in the right time and give her a helping hand.

Elsie took this precious little bundle of wee clothes across to Mary, then sat down and had a long gossip over the wonders of a Baby, how every day something more beautiful and wonderful appeared in them. Of course her Joyce was the most wonderful baby ever born, or seen, or ever could again be seen in this world. The very sight of these dainty wee articles gave a new sparkle to Mary's eyes, as she could hardly believe it possible that soon her own little baby would be wrapped up snugly inside them, as she was a girl who adored babies and worshipped them. From that time she became quite bright and cheerful. Now most of the camp women-folk also started turning out their boxes,

to find articles no longer required, so followed sounds of snipping and cutting out garments from old ones to make up into a very much smaller size, also the clicking of knitting-needles and wonderful quick mysterious movements of crochet-needles flashing in clever hands; wool was twiddled up by the miles, making most dainty little warm articles. Even Joyce was very busy over the making of three bibs. Enough little clothes came to light for triplets, if they would only like to come. Joyce had been told that soon a wonderful big Stork was to bring a very small baby to the Camp. She at once asked, "Whose tent will he bring it to?" She was sure it would not be taken into a man's tent, as they were so awfully silly with babies. She thought that her own tent would be the best one, as she was the only little girl in the Camp who would love to play with it all day long, and could push it about in the doll's pram, which she always left just outside her tent, so that the Stork could see that the pram was waiting for a baby to be put in.

One morning she rushed to Elsie in great excitement, quite out of breath, gasping out, "Mummy! there are hundreds of big storks coming along, all with babies! Enough for everyone!" Elsie at once went outside the tent to see what was the cause of Joyce's excitement. There she saw about twenty big ostriches walking sedately through the Camp, gobbling and gulping down anything that they came across. One took down half-a-bar of blue mottle soap, whilst another calmly and sweetly swallowed a few clothes-pegs. One tent-dweller had a nice dish of shelled peas in a basin, waiting to be cooked; these were at once spied out and slipped down very easily and nicely. Someone else was cutting up her meat outside for a stew, and wisely bolted into her tent for safety when this hungry army passed by, and no stew for her dinner that day! None of the men were in the camp ground at this time of the day, and, as everyone knows, these strong birds can put up a big fight, and are most dangerous when interfered with, so the women wisely went quietly inside their tents

and waited until the "clouds rolled by." Mary had the worst fright of any, as one big fellow poked his head through her small tent window, and took her candle out of its stand, swallowed that down, then crunched up the box of matches and ended up by swallowing a tube of tooth-paste. Surely soon after he ought to be rolling about in agony with a pain in his gizzard !

Imagine poor little Joyce's disappointment that they were not the Storks. They caused her bitter tears. Fortunately a neighbour came to Elsie and complained that one of those ostriches had picked up her bunch of keys and swallowed them, and so what could she do ? The only thing that could be done was to have a good laugh over their morning's experience, in which Joyce had to join in.

One evening Mary went into the Hospital, and the following morning the camp heard that her small son had arrived quite safely. At first little Joyce was again bitterly disappointed that the silly Stork did not come direct to the Camp, so a few more tears were shed, but Elsie cheered her up, and explained to her that perhaps God thought those cruel horrid leopards could come into the tent and steal such a small baby, so it had to be taken off like those nice dogs, as the hospital was the best and safest place for him. The baby had been given to Mary because God could see that she was quite alone, and had no one to love or no one to love her, and now she was as happy as everyone else, with this dear little son to look after and bring up.

The Camp gave the baby a grand christening party, quite a nice tea with a big cake. On its white sugar-icing in pink was written "JOHN CAMP." In the centre was a small money box, which received many a nice present dropped into it. Mary was so happy that she could not keep back her tears of joy, which Joyce could not understand at all, so said, "Why does she cry ? She has got the Baby, the lovely cake, with its box of money ? What else could she want ?" This funny remark made all laugh, which made the party a really jolly affair. A

few months later the Camp gave a bigger party, as Mary married, and Joyce was bridesmaid. She married a nice, steady young fellow, who to-day has a large paying maize-farm outside Nakuru, and she is as happy as a bird. Young John is a fine strong boy, and loves farm-life. He does not know that his other brothers' and sisters' father is not his own. He loves his godfather and godmother, (John and Elsie) next best to his parents. They often ask him to come and stay with them in Nairobi, and give him a real good time. One day Elsie overheard wee John say, "When I'm a man, I'm going to smoke a *big pipe and spit*." Joyce proudly replied, "I'm already grown-up. You should hear me gargle and say my prayers!"

CHAPTER V.

There now arrived in the Camp a real, live Baron—a big military, rather boasting and fascinating man; he could spin most wonderful yarns, could sketch lightning caricatures, and speak many languages. He was very clever about never mentioning his past; even after living in the camp six weeks and being most friendly and chatty with all, he never once let anything of that kind slip out. Elsie never took to him, although she found his company most amusing. Some said he was married, others that he was divorced, or perhaps his wife had deserted him? Elsie thought more likely he had deserted her, or had murdered her, and so had come out to Kenya to hide himself. Most felt that he was a widower, and thankful for it, so he could kick up his heels once more and be free.

He had come out to Kenya to procure a big piece of land on the Athi Plains, about thirty-six miles out of Nairobi. His idea was to make a fortune quickly by catching a few hundreds of these thousands of wild Zebras which roam in such large numbers over these Plains—get hold of the youngsters, and break them in either for

driving in a smart light cart, a real, smart, swankey turnout for a millionaire in a Park. Also, train them for doing useful work on farms.

He soon obtained the land he wanted, even to the river running through it, which would be most useful in keeping the Zebras healthy. It did not require a very big outlay. He collected about twenty boys, showed them how to build strong bomas, and put up extra strong fences all around. When finished it looked very fine and serviceable. Having the river there, the Zebra was nearly living its natural life but in a smaller space. When possible, he caught a Zebra in-foal, as it was this "toto" that he started to break-in and train. He was very kind to these future mothers, as they were extra well-fed and quite safely away from their great enemy, "The Lion," but for all that, so many died of a broken-heart, as perhaps they could not get used to the fence around them, although it was a mile square, and they could go down to the river as often as they wished. But these wise old future mother Zebras must have sniffed it in the air that they were really caught and were prisoners, as they refused to eat, and fretted until they died.

After six months of real hard work the Baron had trained a few young Zebras, to stand still to be harnessed, and put between shafts, answering to the rein, and they were driven round the farm several times with great success, looking very handsome with their stripes and beautiful sleek satin coats, and in such excellent condition that their training had not injured them in any way at all. If it had not been for this Kenya custom of "Sun-downers" the Baron might have succeeded after a time, and also made money over it.

But these "Kenya-Sundowns" are the cause of so many failures. This event is nothing so artistic and beautiful as watching the Kenya sun sink down to rest; but perhaps this process may likewise cause another sinking feeling to many, as this is "THE TIME" to take down whiskies and sodas galore, or any other favorite drink.

Kenya is noted for its very short twilight, as the sun slips down very rapidly; the other "sun-downs" also slip down rapidly, but what makes these "suns" such long affairs "in setting" are the number of sun-"spots," which keep on appearing and have to also slip down, and vanish.

Directly the Baron saw a few young Zebras doing well, and going on swimmingly, he could almost feel the big cheque in his pocket from selling half-a-dozen trained young Zebras to a millionaire. He could not wait patiently for the deal to go "right-through," but must start off at once to celebrate this great occasion by giving an extra big sun-down party. He, being the host, felt it was up to him to do his duty in making the pace, and setting an example of how much could be swallowed without going off "Pop-bang." Needless to say, when the real sun was going down to take its rest, this was the most important time for the Baron to start his work on going round with the boys to see that the Zebras were well secured and locked up safely for the night. But he had quite forgotten all about these valuable animals, who were the real thing to him to make his fortune. One or two head-boys came along to his hut, and asked for their orders and the keys, but the only reply that the Baron gave them was to chuck some empty soda-water bottles at their heads, which they cleverly dodged. Then they, like the sun, quickly slipped away and wisely disappeared. Before the evening was finished the Baron and several of his friends were quite "blotted-out" and dead to the world, for that night. Early next morning at daybreak, the head-boy came to wake him up, and to inform him that every one of his Zebras had kicked up their little heels in joy and had galloped off once more to their freedom.

The Baron possessed a real mad German-temper. He then swore yards of terribly long "cursegermanwords." Like most Germans, his large mouth and strong massive jaws were built purposely on those lines and design, so that he could pronounce these long, mighty words safely, easily and fluently, without causing a crack or dislocation.

Of course, his native boys did not understand a word that he was shouting and screaming out at them, but as he had his loaded rifle up to his shoulder, that spoke quite plainly enough for them, so they did exactly as the Zebras had done the night before—took to their heels and vanished out of sight before one could say "Gee-whiz."

By the time the sun had risen, the scene had changed all around, so very different to the last evening's beautiful sunset; not a Zebra or boy to be seen, the Baron all alone in his glory. No cook! no breakfast! no bread! no nuffink! And the awful "morning-after-the-night-before-feeling" all over him. He then put a few things into his suit-case and had to trudge the thirty-six miles into Nairobi. Some kind friend took him into his tent, and so again he appeared in the Camp. This same event happened exactly three times in one year. The Baron called it his "Katz-nyama-fit," which could never be cured. Needless to add, his Zebra-farm was a sad "wash-out!"

He then took up seriously "marrying," which proved much more lucky to him than his late Zebra enterprize; he made real business of it. He asked a kind Nairobi friend to lend him £100 (translated gave), then the Baron, like his own boys and Zebras, galloped off to Germany. There he soon found a young orphan with £5,000. She and her old guardian were quite fascinated with his charming manners, so soon the wedding-bells rang, and off the happy couple went for a world's honeymoon, in a real millionaire's style. They found themselves back again in Nairobi, with very little of the bride's fortune left.

John and Elsie called on them several times at "The Norfolk Hotel." The young wife seemed very young, meek and obedient, could not speak any English, so it made the calls very difficult for Elsie to try and talk to her. They then went out "in the blue" elephant-hunting, where the young wife contracted malaria very badly, and no doctor being near at hand she died with complications.

By this time the Baron had finished all this little sum of money, so had to borrow again, on the same terms, another £100, but from another friend, who had only just arrived in the Colony. Again he went off to Germany to hunt out another wealthy wife, and this time he married a very wealthy widow ; but she wisely saw that at the rate he spent her money the first two years she soon would be a pauper. So at once she was able to divorce him, and so saved herself further trouble and poverty.

Another wealthy widow fell to his charms and married him, and had two little children. In two years he had gambled away every penny she possessed. She divorced him, and some relations educated the two children, and she had to go out as a governess. Then he married an elderly spinster with a nice little comfortable nest-egg, but Providence was very good in looking after her, for just as he started his usual recklessness of gambling and women, and of course drink, the War broke out, and he had to join up. During the first year he either died or was killed ; and so were saved, thanks to the War, a few more wealthy German women from trouble, ruin and poverty.

A few years after, an Englishman started another Zebra-ranch on the same idea as the reckless German Baron, for breaking-in and training these numerous beautiful animals. The Baron's were the " Birchall-zebra-breed," which are very difficult to tame. But there is a much bigger, stronger, and finer breed called " The Grevy-Zebra," which are much quicker and easier tamed.

This Englishman soon got to work, and succeeded splendidly. For, in three years' time six of these strong animals brought a waggon down to Nairobi, over two hundred miles, in fifteen days, and some of the roads were in an appalling state, owing to heavy torrential rains, that the whole of the country was turned into a quagmire, which proved that these Grevy Zebras have fine stamina to stand such an extra rough journey.

They soon got accustomed to the many cars in Nairobi,

but, strangely enough, appeared to have a strong dislike to natives riding push-bikes, which they had never seen before. When full-grown, these Zebras are between fourteen and fifteen hands, as strong as a horse, and can endure any amount of fatigue. These six Zebras were sold for £150 each.

The first record of these "Grevy Zebras" in captivity dates back to 1895, when Menelik, who was then the Emperor of Abyssinia, presented two of these animals to the President of the French Republic. His name was "Grevy," so it is quite possible that they became to be called "Grevy Zebras."

These six well-trained Zebras were shipped on board for Liverpool, and none of them were frightened or timid over this trying ordeal of being shipped. After a long twenty-four hours' train-journey, they were put into a nice, comfortable horse-box, then swung high up in the air by a noisy crane, and dropped on the deck of the steamer, where again nice, comfortable quarters were ready to receive them. They walked calmly into these stables, and at once commenced eating, quite unconcerned over their unusual routine of life and different scenes around them. The first day one broke out of his box, and quietly strolled around the deck for exercise, and to explore his new quarters when, quite satisfied with his new surroundings, he quietly walked back into his horse-box again. Some of the natives make their war-shields from the hide of the Zebra, and very strong and smart they look, especially when hundreds of these natives are holding a war-dance with these striped shields in their hands, they making the scene look very gay and weird. These Zebras are a curse and a pest to the farmers, and it is a real serious question as to how best exterminate them, as there must be millions of them all over Kenya, and increasing rapidly every year. Some enterprising men are now shooting them off in large numbers for their skins, as their hides make excellent leather, and secures a high price on the London Market. They can also sell the Zebra-meat to the natives

who love it, and large Estates who have hundreds of boys to feed will gladly buy quantities of it. So now perhaps these beautiful fat, cheeky little beasts may turn out a blessing in disguise for Kenya.

CHAPTER VI.

Then there came along to join the Camp, a very new kind of a neighbour. It was very strange that right from his arrival no one took to him. He seemed a cross-breed between a curate and an "Uriah-Heap style," even to that aggravating habit of washing his hands with invisible soap, and wiping them on an invisible towel. He talked in an educated, and gentle sweet-voiced way, and was always very tidily and neatly dressed. He seemed too shy and timid to look one fully in the face when speaking, and looked as if he would have blushed if only a hen-sparrow had looked at him. Needless to say, the Camp-folk delighted "to pull-his-leg," and told him endless reckless and hair-raising yarns about the country. At "sun-down" time they tried to persuade him to drink a "Cocktail," or a "Gipsy's Warning;" but nothing doing. He said he was a strict teetotaler. Well; that did it! Such a queer idea, and such a dreadfully sad complaint—so far quite unknown in Kenya. It was from that time that many began to avoid him, perhaps fearing that they might also catch this queer complaint, although it requires no doctor's opinion, or asking this question in the medical columns of any of the newspapers, such as "Is teetotalism an infectious complaint?" The right answer to that is "Never a case has yet been reported (in Kenya), but alcoholism is just the reverse, and if the brain is at all weak, this complaint is most infectious, and may possibly end with serious or even fatal results."

Although Elsie admired him for always refusing to drink, there was "something" about him that she did not like. She found that very often charming manners and bad morals, or maybe otherwise, bad manners and good morals,

go hand-in-hand in this world. She felt that she could never trust him, as he was a man who would not even lie straight in bed. Little Joyce soon followed her mother's example—she did not like him teaching her a verse daily out of the Bible. That, Elsie thought, was very kind and nice of him, and she tried to think better of him for it, and always asked Joyce every day to repeat the verse to her. Once Joyce sweetly and solemnly repeated "Good Mrs. Murphy (goodness and mercy) shall follow me all the days of my life!"

This new chum was most hopeful about his future, and felt sure that this was the country in which he would make money quickly. A little later on, events proved he did. The tent-folk had made him very nervous about the many dreadful wild animals that walked about Nairobi (very exaggerated) so he never went out without his patent walking-stick, which, on unscrewing the top, contained a very sharp little dagger, just big enough to tickle the ribs of a lion or leopard.

He said he was very quick at picking up languages, and would soon be able to speak Swahili fluently in a month. At present little Joyce was the smartest Swahili speaker, and was often asked by the others to come across to their tent and see what the natives were asking about the price of fowls or eggs, etc. This "Little-God-Almighty-chap" said he had learnt all his languages on his typewriter, so when not bragging or boasting one could always hear him busy at his typewriter.

After a few weeks he was laid up in bed with a bad attack of "Jiggers." These wee, tiny and nearly invisible fleas can be very troublesome. They start off by itching very badly; they mostly get under the toe-nails, and cause them to swell badly. The natives are very smart with this nuisance, as they suffer with them badly, so are by now well practised at getting rid of them. They spot at once where this small insect is, although it is only the size of a small grain of pepper. But if left alone it lays a little bag of eggs the size of a small pill; if these hatch out, then they

may cause a badly inflamed place, which is very painful and troublesome. The "old-campers" were now very wise about this pest, and got a native to look over their feet every morning. He would use only a sharp needle, and at once dig out several quite cleverly, never breaking this little bag of eggs, so there would be no further trouble with them.

After living in Kenya we can now quite see the meaning of that saying, "Well! I'm jiggered!" Sure thing that person is only requiring a native with a sharp needle to come along, and do the needle-trick, or needful.

These jiggers kept this new camp-chum two weeks in bed, as his poor trotters were too swollen to get his boots on. All day long, as he lay on his bed with his tent-flap opened, he would shout out to natives who passed his tent, "Hapana passa happa" (don't pass by here). It made Joyce laugh, as his Swahili was wrong, so she said. It should be "Hapana pita happa," so this typewriter-system was rather a wash-out. It transpired that this was the only sentence he had learnt the past three weeks, after struggling so much over it, but this "one" and "only" sentence, he shouted out a hundred times a day, so ever after the Camp nick-named him "Mr. Hapana-pita happa," but, for short, Mr. H.P.H.

Elsie with several others used to go and look after him whilst he was laid up. There was one young lady who seemed a little smitten with him at first, as Elsie soon noticed that sure sign of "the smits" coming on, because just before she went into his tent she would stop, and seemed to be looking at the beautiful scene of the Athi Plains in the distance, but really she had her little looking-glass in her hand, and was busily re-reddening her lips, and powdering her nose. What a pity that one could not invent a sure stick-on-for-ever concoction to keep ladies' noses just like we see marsh-mallows and turkish-delight! But this girl soon cooled off, as the man was rather given to these platonic friendships, and a good woman never

forgives a platonic friend for having an affair with another woman.

When Mr. H.P.H. was once more about, John and Elsie took him with them to pay a visit to friends of theirs staying in the Hotel quite near by. They were an elderly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, being a real "Darby and Joan." One never could meet one without the other, and neither did anything without asking or telling the other about it; their only little trouble was that they had no children.

They brought money into the country, hoping to invest in a good farm, and were making their future home in Kenya, as they wanted to escape the long, cold, dreary English winters. They heard of a very suitable and nice-sized piece of land in a very pretty and beautiful district quite near to Lake Naivasha. Having money, that helped them to start off well and quickly. They at once bought oxen, wagons, farm-machinery, etc, and soon a few Indian fundies had built a comfortable iron and wooden house for them. About this time all were getting fearfully fed-up and disgusted with H.P.H.'s behaviour, as they could see how he was making-up to Mr. and Mrs. Smith,—kind of stroking and pawing Mrs. Smith about, and slobbering all over her, "Oh! you do look sadly tired out this evening, dear Mrs. Smith. Do allow me to go and fetch that dear little shawl? You looked so lovely and sweet in it last night, as I fear it is now getting a little chilly for you, and we must take great care of you, as what should we all do without you?" Now putting more cushions for her back, then trotting off to find the "sweet little shawl," or more likely, as John slyly remarked aside to Elsie, he had gone off to kiss the pretty barmaid en route. Elsie whispered back she would like to twist that "sweet little shawl" around his neck and strangle him, as the doctor had forgotten to do it at his birth! Of course, all could see that this "soft-soap-business" meant no future good to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who were such a nice, good-living, quiet couple, and thought that everyone must naturally be like themselves, as they could never think

evil of anyone. Yet it was no one's business to warn this unsuspecting couple; and again, what was there rightly to warn them against? Mrs. Smith soon fell into this trap, and told all around her "What a very charming, well-mannered gentleman he was, how exceedingly kind he was to her, etc., etc." H.P.H. used to call every Sunday morning for her and take her to Church, where a short Service was always held in a railway-room. Most of the Camp went too, and enjoyed it. When Elsie saw H.P.H. walking home after the Service, with Mrs. Smith one side of him, and the clergyman's wife on his other side, she was naughty enough to remark to John, "Doesn't he look just like a donkey between two bundles of hay!"

After a time he did not care for Elsie or John. His tent being next to theirs, they could not help knowing a little too much about him, and he knew that neither of them were blind or idiots.

Late one night John heard a big noise, something like a crash or a fall, and then smelt fire, so at once got up and took his lamp on a tour of inspection, and found that the fire-smell came from H.P.H.'s tent, although all was deathly quiet there. But he naturally had to lift up the tent-door to see if all was right inside with this smell of fire about. What he saw was enough to make the bristles stand up on a pig's eye-brows.

H.P.H.'s deck-chair must have suddenly broken down, not being made to hold two, and in the fall the young lady of the hotel-bar had knocked over the lamp, which fortunately went out at once. The two were trying to keep extra quiet up in a corner, so that John might not see them. But unfortunately his neighbour the other side of him also came out to see what the noise and row was about. This man at once had a hearty jolly laugh at the couple inside. Poor H.P.H. looked just like a poor broken cocoa-nut leaf in a strong south-west monsoon. Next morning many of the tent-dwellers came and joked him about his last night's accident. But of course he tried to explain it away very nicely and poetically. He had several

times had this young girl in his tent, so he said, so as to get her away from the bad influence of hotel-life, which was the worst place for such a young girl to live in, and he felt it his duty "as a brother" to look after her, and so help her against temptations that she might have to face, etc., etc. Someone here said loudly, "Oh! go and eat coke! What we all really want to know is how came your deck-chair to be so smashed up? Do brothers sit up after midnight and nurse their sisters on their knees?" That took all the poetical wind out of his sails!

A few days after this incident, which made H.P.H. go about looking very foolish, as by then he knew that all took him for a hypocrite, it was rumoured around that Mr. Smith had engaged him as their future farm-manager, at a very good salary, and he was to live with them like a son. No one was really surprised, as all knew that was what he had been working up for these last six weeks. He knew nothing about farming whatever, as he had been a London bank-clerk all his life, so guess he thought he could learn to milk cows with the help of his typewriter, and spear eggs and potatoes up with his new patent walking-stick.

It was a very fortunate thing that H.P.H. was leaving the Camp so soon, what with one thing and another, as every day he was getting more disliked. Then at last the great mystification was solved over his beautiful painted initials on his boxes, "D.V.H.J." These proved to be "Daniel Vernon Heller Jones, which, said quickly by his many Camp-enemies, sounded very like "Damn-all Vermin Hell-to-Jones." But in this case he was more to be pitied than blamed, so no wonder he tried to keep it dark.

Mrs. Smith was delighted and purring over with joy at being so fortunate in engaging such a steady and conscientious, Christian young man, although she felt that his rightful sphere would really be as a Secretary to a Y.M.C.A., as he would have such a very good influence over the young fellows. Here the Camp thought that she was perfectly right, except that she had made a slight mistake in the letters. Change the "M" into "W" then

the answer for his life's happiness appears. What a very solemn and anxious thought that, how such a wee "W" can make such a change in a man's life !

So these friends, like most of the other birds of passage passing through Nairobi, flew off up to their farm near Naivasha, taking along with them H.P.H., beaming all over his face, knowing full well that his future and worries were at an end.

Those who saw Mr. Smith about a year after down in Nairobi thought that he was not looking very bright, nor so jolly as he used to be. He told them that the farm was progressing splendidly, and H.P.H. working extra well and took such great interest in the farm, as if it were his own. Although perhaps he was too reckless in spending more money over it than it was their first intention. He and his wife through that had to cut out a holiday they had fixed up to visit across the Lake and see what Uganda was like, but now their funds for the time had run short, so no holiday for them that year.

Whilst Mr. Smith was having a long chat with one of his best friends, he then told him privately that he was rather worried at times, and was very sorry to say that he and his wife were not so happy together in their domestic life, as H.P.H. was causing so much friction between them. His wife could never see any fault in him, and very greatly upset when Mr. Smith spoke about too much money being spent in needless improvements which could easily wait for several years to come. Somehow H.P.H. had gradually wormed himself in between husband and wife, and so made endless quarrels and mischief at times. Poor Mr. Smith was very sad about it. Only a year ago they were living like a pair of turtle-doves, and yet he seemed powerless to kick this man out, as H.P.H. had artfully never allowed Mr. Smith to take a real interest, or do any work on the farm himself.

Their Nairobi friends next heard that poor Mrs. S. had had a very severe paralytic stroke, and was now quite helpless, and had become childish through it. She would

not allow her husband even to nurse and look after her, but always had H.P.H. by her side, and he took great care that he stayed there, and never encouraged the poor grief-stricken husband to come into the sick-room at all if possible. Sad to relate, the husband and wife never again became devoted to each other, as they had always been the first twenty years of their lives. In a few months she died.

When her will was read, Mr. Smith had the shock of his life. He then heard this will for the first time, for just before leaving England they had a new will drawn up, a very simple and easy arrangement—whoever died first, the money and properties went to the surviving one. This new will had been made only nine months ago. Mr. Smith remembered that was about the time Mrs. Smith and H.P.H. went down to Nairobi for a week together for a change. He certainly did go down there to make a big change. This latest will left everything to H.P.H., but he was to give the husband £300 per year, really just enough to keep him from starving and dress respectably. The reason given for all this alteration was that his brain was getting weak, and that dear Daniel had grown as dear to her as if he were her son, and it gave her great joy and pleasure to know that now everything would belong to him. Mr. Smith took the case to Court, but it was proved that the last will was quite legal, no flaw in it, so that nothing could be done or altered. So after a few months he became so miserable and broken up, that he went back to England and spent his last years with a favourite niece who had been left a widow with only a small income and a large family.

“Hapana pita happa” had prophesied quite truly on arriving first in Kenya that he knew he would make money there, he then felt these symptoms coming on. But at times he must have felt no pleasure over this money or farm, for whenever he had to come down to Nairobi on business, and stayed at “The New Stanley Hotel,” he was “cut dead”—he had not a friend amongst any of them.

Then it was said that he was on his way to England to undergo a serious operation. The Kenya doctors told him he was suffering from "Bright's Disease." Perhaps when they told him this they knew his past character! He was indeed much too bright! No wonder that he had to suffer for it. He underwent this operation in London, but when he came on board the steamer to return to Kenya, he was suffering from a very heavy cold, which he could not shake off, so after a week he died. The doctor on the steamer said that he died from either gravel-stone or tomb-stones.

He had been too stingy and suspicious ever to marry, so had only enjoyed his stolen fortune six years before dying. In his will he said that everything was to be sold and the money to be evenly divided between his relations. The farm was sold for £30,000, including cattle, sheep, machinery and an excellent homestead.

Not one wee cent did he leave to any hospital or charity. Maybe he knew that the old Nairobiters would remark, "Well! the old devil! He had to leave a few thousands to charities, as a fire insurance policy to get safely into the next world!"

CHAPTER VII.

There were about fifty pioneers mostly in this camp, always on the move, with some going and some coming. The robberies were certainly by this time not so frequent, nor so daring, although seldom a week passed without some tent suffered losses. There was a strong rumour about that all these thieves were going to be caught in a wholesale manner, as now the police had hit on a very brilliant idea, "Wait when Winter comes—then catch him!" Sure to be a snag somewhere hidden just to spoil the sport, which may be (?) "If winter comes?" So cheerio, boys! Usiche (do not be afraid).

John was very glad to notice, as a most healthy sign for this new Colony, so many Jews arriving with their families.

When they leave a country it is a sad look-out, as they are like the wise rats, who know just when to leave a sinking ship. These Jews brought along with them endless relations, children galore! cousins, cousins by marriage, right down to the third and fourth generation. They mostly came from Jew-berg, (Jo berg). They must often say, "My punishment is greater than I can bear!" It is certainly a sad pity that folk have to be born with relations, it starts them off in life handicapped.

When these new arrivals appeared on the Camp great excitement took place, and very loud talking and joy at meeting their old friends who had already arrived in the country. So many questions asked—"Ven did you come?" "Vat you come for? De buserness for to make." "Vere is de money you vill vant for de buserness to make?" etc., etc.

Most of them came to start a business, and being steady, thrifty workers, knowing well that to "take care of the pennies, the pounds will take care of themselves," also perhaps even more important—"to take care of the minutes for the hours will take care of themselves." Some of these Jews to-day are in a very good position—and deserve it! Little Joyce often ran along to play with these little Jewish children, and at times on returning to her Mother with very amusing stories that she had picked up. "Mummy, what is a prophet? Because Rachael told me about one, whose name was Elijah, who went for a cruise with a widow called Eliza."

A few years after, Elsie was very indignant with one prosperous Jewess, whose husband had done exceedingly well during the war. When the Nairobi slump was on after the war, several English firms had gone into liquidation. Now this Jewess bragged to Elsie that no Jew had gone into liquidation in Nairobi, as they were such smart, clever people. The Gentiles so often lost money, as they were never a good business-making people. Elsie would have liked to have answered her by replying,

"Certainly as you say, the Jew is very smart, and never allows his business to get into this liquid-state, or even the least bit damp. Before this dampness can publicly appear a fire fortunately comes along, and so puts him on his feet again!"

John Lane's camp-friends were men who had come out chiefly for farming, but the important question with them was, "What would grow and pay best in this new untried country?—which was now only in its experimental stage at present—until the rainfall, soil, and seasons were definitely known. For these early farmers it was purely just a speculation for the first year or two. The French mission at Kikuyu, six miles out of Nairobi, had already started planting coffee, and it was thriving beautifully, but it must have been about ten years later when the other farmers started on coffee, as they then could see what a good paying proposition it was going to be.

All around Nairobi to-day, especially the Kyambu district, are hundreds of acres planted with coffee, and these shambas all making fortunes. Coffee also grows well in other parts of Kenya; also excellently in some parts of Tanganyika, on the slopes of Mt. Kilimanjaro. These same remarks apply to the flourishing Sisal Estates, which are doing very well.

Nairobi now (1926) is on the eve of prosperity, if it can be taken for truth that an era of prosperity is one in which people go in debt for things they don't need. Kenya perhaps may find finance very fascinating, but at times it is very queer, and a ticklish thing to tackle, as it consists mainly in borrowing money to repay money that had been already borrowed to repay money previously borrowed. Many begin to wonder, is this what will happen soon in little Kenya?

One of the most amusing sights even to-day in Nairobi, and good enough to be filmed by any cinema-company, is "The Nairobi Fire." These were very prevalent when Kenya was also suffering in the world-wide slump. John would say to Elsie after dinner, "Shall we go along to the

Pictures?" And she would answer, "No thanks, dear. I would much rather wait and chance seeing another fire to-night." And very often she did not wait for nothing! For soon the air was filled with loud police-whistles and shouting. At once all the house-boys in Nairobi would lay down their tools, leave whatever they might be doing, and rush off to join their flying brothers to the scene of the fire. John and Elsie would hurriedly lock up the house, and rush along to see the fun. Everyone would be extra amusing and jolly in this crowd, as who is there in Kenya whose heart is not gladdened by a "cash-sale?" For the great curse of this Colony is this "Chit-system." The debtor often goes away on his English trip owing his tradesman, and promises to pay on his return. Yes! what a hope! For naturally after a six months' holiday he comes back with empty pockets.

On one of these fire occasions, someone in the crowd thought to give helpful advice, and on seeing askaris passing up water in their fez-caps, basins and water-bottles, shouted out, "What about getting out the new hose-pipe which arrived out several weeks ago on the steamer?" That sounded a real brilliant brain-wave, but whilst this fire was still raging on, and blazing cheerily, th's new hose-pipe was still lying peacefully down in the Mombasa customs.

The hose arrived however in time for the next great event, but it was then found that the nozzles were too small to screw on to the street water-taps, so no luck that time! This little drawback was soon altered, just in time for another little blaze. Again it proved useless, as that time there was no water-power behind it, so the water sweetly and softly only dribbled through. So then the askari had to put his hand over the nozzle to stop it dribbling, whilst the other askaris jumped down on to the hose until they felt a good amount of water in the pipe, and it looked like a fat snake, then they suddenly sprang off, so by that process a few pints would shoot out further, and *very nearly* reach the

fire! On meeting the owner or owners of these burnt premises—as always more than one building is burnt out, they seem mostly to go down by the half-dozen—one is always so very surprised to hear from them what a very large stock they were carrying, and what a big business concern it was! Here Elsie would again quote her favourite little verse—

“To each the Assessors ascribe a certain lot
Some get paid, and some do not.”

(Q.E.I.) Which was to be found out (Latin).

John all these months was busy over starting a daily newspaper in Nairobi. It was soon taken up, and is now making great headway. So John can take life more easily and cheerily. They now live in a small house up on “The Hill,” and keep very well, and happy, although Elsie has just shouted for her house-boy, “N’doo hapa, nina funza guun mwangu, Upesi.” (“Come here! I have a jigger in my foot! Hurry up!”)

But she wisely says, even for these small troubles there is always “A something” wherever one may live. But give her Kenya every time!

Little Joyce is at present occupied very happily by pushing her very small brother up and down the garden path in a pram, which always was one of the greatest desires of her heart.

They often talk over the past, and have many a good laugh over their experiences of the Camp-life. Those nine months taught them so much about other people; having to live all so much together, and their affairs all so mixed up with others. They both say now—perhaps the hardest thing is to tell the sinner from the righteous, when you come to know them pretty well by living so near to them!

Next month John is taking the family home for a trip and he anxiously says to Elsie:—

“Only hope, old girl, with this small baby you will not get sea-sick.”

“John! how can you be so un-romantic. This is to be our second honeymoon. So please speak about this little trying upset as ‘The return of the Swallow.’”

A SHORT HONEYMOON IN KENYA AND UGANDA.

On looking back, I am now very thankful that I married a man whose home and future was in Kenya. I was living with my parents in Devonshire when I met John Walden, who came from Mombasa, where he held a good position with a shipping company. My father wanted to know where Mombasa was? John said :—

“ You must have heard of it. Why, where all the good sunny weather comes from ! ”

“ Well,” said father, “ it seems to me it is also where all the sunshine stays.”

John in his happy style went on :—

“ Mombasa is in fact where every prospect pleases, and only prickly heat is vile—where no blizzard doth blizz. Every day is like every other day, as nothing ever happens. The waves of the Indian Ocean break gently on its coral shores, and one can bask under the shade of its sheltering palms. Although only a small island, three miles by two, its native population is 45,000 and 700 Europeans ! Many of my friends think it is a nice little spot. It is also an ideal home for burglars, as very few are caught, their motto being, ‘ We’re gone to-day, but here to-morrow.’ ”

John soon returned to Mombasa, and I was to follow him in a year’s time.

Father was perfectly priceless over my trousseau, and said I was certainly his “ dearest ” daughter ! The year soon slipped by, and the sad farewells made, although I was bubbling over with joy. As the French say, “ L’amour et la fumée ne peuvent se cacher.” (Love and smoke cannot be hid).

This was my first voyage, and I found it delightful. It was twenty-eight days before we sighted Mombasa. We anchored in Kilindini Harbour, and small boats came out

to us. Shortly the new Kilindini Quay will be finished, then the steamers will berth alongside.

I was in a terrible flutter of excitement, as this was my wedding-day. John arrived quickly on board, then whizzed me off to "The Manor Hotel," where I scrambled into my wedding-dress, then found myself being married in a lovely, cool Cathedral, and the choir sang the appropriate anthem, "Entreat me not to leave thee." Then we returned to the hotel for the usual wedding-cake and champagne, a few jolly speeches. Our "best-man" was Irish. He began, "I will not call you ladies and gentlemen, because I know you too well. If it hadn't been for this blessed famine—or rather wedding we should all have been starving." After this hint I cut the cake. He ended with, "Later may you both return to Heaven."

At half-past four that afternoon I found myself in the train with John, off on our honeymoon to Kampala, the capital of Uganda, stopping at Nairobi a few days, the capital of Kenya. The journey was most interesting. Kenya is certainly the paradise for animals. During my trip I saw lion, leopard, giraffe, antelope, crocodile, with little birds hopping all over them, and even cleaning their teeth for them.

I noticed no rush or hustle in Kenya. As the kleptomaniac says, "It pays to take everything quietly." Kenya says, "Take everything slowly;" the natives say, "baadae kidgogo," (wait a little).

We stopped at Magadi Junction, which is near to the biggest soda-lake in the world. ("Magadi," swahili for soda). From the train between Samburu and Sultan Hamud stations we had a good view of Mt. Kilimanjaro. Its summit always covered with snow.

On arriving at Nairobi we went to "The New Stanley Hotel," where John introduced me to more friends. In Kenya there are many more men than women. "Money" was the chief topic of conversation, these days "Worldliness is next to Godliness." There I heard much about maize, coffee, sugar; lately tea had been found to flourish in

districts where there is a good rainfall. I could see most of the men thought they were born politicians. My private opinion of a politician is a man who is willing to dine for a cause, but not to die for it.

Nairobi is noted for its many road-car accidents—their garages should be called “The-take-me-quick-to-glory-Car-Company.” Then Nairobi has rickshaws, which are pulled by two thin, dirty, smelly natives; the boy pushing, or maybe hanging on at the back, all the time breathes and puffs violently like a dying porpoise.

On a clear morning, from the hotel verandah, Mount Kenia can be seen (17,040 feet high). This wonderful spot is only 100 miles from Nairobi, on a very good motor-car road, where there is always a skating-lake. In the near future it will become our Switzerland, where usual winter sports can always be had. Here again, “baadae kidogo.” Nairobi has its Indian-bazaar, this street being alive with many little Indian children, who looked very dirty and neglected.

Round the native market we saw the Kikuyu women, who had walked miles into town with their produce, such heavy loads on their backs—potatoes, maize, wood, and bananas; and often, sitting on the top of this load, is the baby, like “The King of the Castle.” Most of the Nairobi inhabitants live out in the suburbs, which are very rambling and difficult for the newcomer to find, with very nice homes and big gardens full of English flowers which bloom all the year round, and any amount of vegetables.

Having spent a week in Nairobi, we started for Kampala. The train took us as far as Kisumu, the terminus. The railway is only 587 miles long. The journey is climbing up all the time, and we got very cold by the time we arrived at Mau, 8322 altitude, the highest point on the railway. At one station, Elmenteita, we saw many steam-jets issuing from out of the earth. By breakfast-time it was warmer. Just before we arrived at Kisumu we passed a very large sugar-estate, with its busy factory turning out twenty tons of sugar daily.

At several of these stations natives come to see the

"wonderful iron-horse," and still more "wonderful passengers." These natives wear no clothes, and are the most moral of all the tribes. The girls are very tall and slight, more like boys in their walk and slimness, the babies are perfect little models, so peaceful and good. But the less said about the old native the better.

The train took us to Kisumu Pier, where we found the little steamer "The Clement Hill," ready to start across the lake, which is the second biggest in the world, 3726 miles. The trip across is delightful, passing many little islands, where we could see the crocodiles peacefully basking on the banks. In twenty-six hours from Kisumu we stopped at Entebbe, a very quiet little place, just like one big beautiful park, but nothing of importance to be seen there. These small lake-steamers call at all these ports to take away cargo consisting of cotton, ground-nuts, coffee, rubber, etc.

Our next stop was Port Bell, only eight hours from Entebbe, where we left the steamer for Kampala, there being a small railway to convey passengers the five miles into Kampala. It is a busy little town, and also beautiful, with its big hills all around it. Cotton is the chief product, which the natives grow, and get wealthy on. Most of them have bicycles, motor-bikes, and even some have motor-cars. It is a great missionary centre, and has a very large Protestant Cathedral, built entirely by mission-boy natives, certainly a building to be proud of. There is also an excellent C.M.S. hospital. The climate is very hot, and many European suffer from malaria.

During our short visit we experienced two earthquake shocks, and several very severe thunder-storms. We spent rather a lazy week there, as we were too hot and tired to be very energetic.

Once more we boarded the steamer to commence our return journey. Three hours from Port Bell we stopped at Jinja, the noted Ripon-Falls being only ten minutes' walk from the small pier, which all the passengers go to visit. I was disappointed at them, and thought they should not be called "Falls," but rather "Cascades," or

"Rapids"—huge volumes of water tumbling over the rocks from the lake, which gives birth to the wonderful Nile River. What amused us most was watching the hippos taking their baths, and the crocodiles taking their sly "forty winks," also big fish jumping several feet high out of the water, asking to be caught.

On returning to the steamer, and once more started, a terrific storm came up, and most of us were badly "sea-sick" all night, and very thankful next morning to see Kisumu Pier and the train waiting to take us to Mombasa, where after travelling two nights in the train we arrived very tired.

I found my future home was at M'Baraki, a small cottage close to the sea, all the steamers having to pass our house. The cottage was in the midst of a small baobab-forest, with very large trees, also beautiful mango-trees, which bear fruit twice a year. Small monkeys with their families live very happily in these trees. Outside my door is a smaller tree, where many little birds of all colours, size and description are busily building their wonderful nests. I fell in love with my home at once.

In a short time we were quite an old married couple, and as happy as the monkeys and birds around us. I keep three native servants, who are really wonderful, always so cheery and willing. No shortage of servants in Kenya. In Mombasa we have only three very hot months after Christmas, and when it rains, it does rain by the ton, mostly at nights. The days always sunny, and a beautiful blue sky. The full-moon nights are just lovely. I never thought there was such a pretty and happy place on this earth. We have plenty of fun, with tennis, golf, yachting, bathing by moonlight, picnics galore, and several dances at the hotels and clubs.

Now girls, if you get a chance to marry a Kenya-man, snap at him! Also, worried servantless-mothers, come here, where you can keep three or more good native servants at the price of one independent servant in England, then, like myself and many more, here you will live happy ever after!

BAADAE KIDOGO LAND.

(Wait a Bit.)

CHAPTER I.

I met Harry Knight at our Tennis Club in Devonshire. He was a lawyer, and had just decided to go to Nairobi, Kenya Colony, to join a great friend of his, who had recently written to him asking if it were possible for him to come out at once and help with his practice, as he now had too much to do. This friend, Charles Ware, had been there three years, and in his letters had said how very much he liked Kenya, and was getting on so successfully. Harry at once decided to go to Nairobi, so this hastened on our marriage. It was a very quiet little wedding—of course, the bride looked very charming and pretty—*cela va sans dire*.

The few very grand weddings I have attended always remind me so much of a race-meeting. Naturally, I felt it was a very serious and solemn ceremony, but then so is a race-meeting—especially when one knows that one's father will either make or break the family fortune. The smaller that fortune is, the more serious is the ceremony, as it means either the house-keeping accounts will be paid off quickly, or perhaps not at all. Crowds flock into the Church, like they do on the grand-stand of the race-course. The Church organ, or in the case of the race-meeting, the band, strikes up, then the bridesmaids and bride with her father, or again the horses with their jockeys, walk proudly past the crowd, shewing off their lovely dresses, as the many beautiful horses and the jockeys with their pretty colours parade past the grand-stand, looking quite as proud as the wedding-party. Now the bride and her attendants have arrived safely at the altar, the horses with their many fancy, frisky steps have now

arrived at the starting-post. In the Church the clergyman has appeared, which is as anxious a moment as when the flag drops at the starting post. Suddenly in both events everything is hushed and quiet. The wedding-service and the race have now really started. At the last wedding I attended I felt I must jump up in my seat, and shout "Now they're off!" But fortunately saw in time that the little race-book I thought I was holding was a prayer-book, so it suddenly woke me up to where I really was. The wedding and race is soon over, the bridal-party go into the vestry to sign the register, so to make quite sure that all is legal and above future dispute. Meanwhile, the horses and their jockeys disappear into their "vestry," to weigh-in, also to see that all is quite legal, and so save future disputes. Both events are now over. Let us hope each has won good prizes and will live happy ever after!

This view to me is much more cheery than how the poorer class look upon a wedding. They treat it more like a funeral, and so attend it in the spirit of shewing "this last mark of respect."

Our honeymoon was spent on board ship. It took us six weeks, as we went round by the Cape, stopping at many ports, especially between the port of Cape-Town and Mombasa, where we saw many places that we had never heard of before. It was most interesting, and we thoroughly enjoyed the voyage.

At last, early one morning, we sighted the Mombasa lighthouse. Mombasa is exceedingly pretty, with its many graceful coco-nut palms waving in the gentle breeze and everywhere beautifully green. All looked most peaceful, although this island in the olden days was called "M'vita" (place of war). Milton mentions this island in his "Paradise Lost." There he spells it "Mombaz."

As the steamer enters the channel the pilot comes on board, as there are very dangerous coral reefs on each side, where, sad to relate, some few vessels have come to grief. On the right hand of this channel we saw a large strong fort, built by the Portuguese in 1593-5. Mombasa then

was the capital of East Africa. To-day Nairobi is the capital, where is the Government House, and all the chief Government offices. In 1631 the Sultan of Mombasa massacred all the Portuguese in the town. But again four years later the Portuguese were in possession, and they rebuilt the Fort, which is called "The Fort of Jesus." In 1696 the Arabs began a great siege, and eighteen months later more reinforcements arrived, so they prolonged the siege for another fifteen months. The Arabs then stormed the walls and massacred the survivors, then only eleven men and two women. Two days later the relief fleet from Goa arrived at the island, but left at once on hearing of the fall of the Fort. This Fort to-day is used as the prison. The red flag of the Sultan is still flown over it.

If we had steamed past this big Fort we should have been in Mombasa Harbour, but its entrance is not large enough for big steamers, so our steamer turns off to the left, and we soon find ourselves in Kilindini Harbour, which, translated, means "The place of deep waters."

We now sadly bid farewell to our steamer, where we have spent six happy weeks, all doing their uttermost, from the kind, patient Captain down to the stewards, to give us all a real jolly time, for which we are most grateful. There are 150 passengers getting off at this port.

On looking back now, this disembarking seems like a nightmare to me. All was confusion and muddle. Wild-looking natives rushing about deck, snatching up any stray boxes, carrying them off down the gangway and placing them into their own special boats, so to be quite sure of the owners being their future passengers. They seemed a very cheery lot, but a terrible perspiring crowd, and very strong in more ways than one. Most of their so-called clothes were a mass of dirty rags. When they buy a shirt it is never taken off until it falls off with old age. If once taken off, the puzzle would be how to get back into it again, as it is just one piece of holes, like a Gruyère cheese. These boat-boys are the men of our nursery-days—"This is the man, all tattered and torn."

They have splendid teeth, huge mouths and a very large, pink tongue. When giving a sweet little smile, one can almost see what their last meal consisted of. They all said "Jumbo" to me, so that rather worried me, as I wondered if I had been putting on too much weight during the voyage, and were making personal remarks about my size. But, after all, I found I had no need to be worried about my weight or size, as I soon found that "Jumbo" was only saying "good-day" to me. Soon we had a big crowd of these perspiring natives around us, shouting in very broken English, 26, 30, 47, etc.

It seemed as if they were trying to guess our ages, and were trying to kidnap us. An askari (native police) arrived on the scene, which caused a great scuffle, and his method was anything but gentle with this brotherly crowd. If we "whites" treated our house-boys in the same way we should soon find ourselves in court. But it was most effective, as the natives soon became quiet.

Then we understood that these boys were telling us the number of their boats that we could go ashore in.

At last we made our way down the gangway to get ashore, but again on this rickety gangway great excitement was taking place, as a native-boy in front of me, who was carrying an extra heavy, big box to place into his own special boat, was stopped by another boy who tried to take the box away to put into his own boat, so I guess the boy with the box said, "nothing doing." Then suddenly the steps swayed very badly, I clung tightly to the rails for my dear life. It all happened in a jiff. There was the sound of a big splash, then this nice, big box disappeared down into this "Place of deep waters"—a real case of "Gone forever."

When we were seated in our row-boat there was a boy who could speak a little English, so we asked him about this drowned box, but neither he nor his boat-friends were at all upset over being the cause of this expensive accident—as usual, they put it all down to fate. With them it is always "M'ngu shauri" (God's business). The boy

calmly remarked that the white man only had to pop into one of these banks, and get some more money GIVEN to him there, and so buy more clothes again ! These dear innocent natives think that we have only to go into a bank when short of money, and that it is a case of "ask, and ye shall receive." But receive, what ? Sweet bank-smiles mixed up with very stern looks. These "smile-trick" bank managers must have learnt something in their days !

Soon we all were passing our luggage through the Customs, which was very nicely and quickly done. But those Custom sheds were quite "beyond the beyonds," it being the month of March, which is Mombasa's hottest month, it was certainly a foretaste of "Jahanam" (hell). The Swahili word for "sweat," which is "Toka jasho," sounds like "Joshua," so maybe he was the first man to sweat like we did in those sheds.

These sheds were crowded with our passengers, and it was nearly impossible to recognise some of these smart, young girls of the steamer, who had left looking like beautiful wax-dolls. Most of them by now had turned into a sad, greasy-sticky-state ; the white powder had run into little lumps, just like flakes of pastry sticking on to the kitchen pastry-board after rolling out pie-crusts. Of course, pretty vanity-bags were soon hard at work, and again powder-puffs got busy, but as there were no other kinds of breezy little "puffs" about, it all seemed wasted energy.

One girl said to me, "What price tennis in Mombasa ?" I answered "Guess they find the game is not worth the cosmetics." She answered with a sigh, "I was always crazy to come to Mombasa, now I see I certainly must have been !"

Being so many of us from the steamer, a special train was put on, which left in six hours' time. Most of us at first were going to Nairobi. The new-comer soon notices that nobody or anything is ever in a hurry out in Kenya. The first Swahili sentence learnt is "baadae kidogo"

(wait a bit). Another favorite "nenda polo-ploy" (go slowly). Like England we often say here "ngo ja uone" (wait and see).

Our train certainly did "nenda polo-ploy," although it was a very interesting journey, with wild animals of all description to see after leaving Sultan Hamud up to Nairobi. It was like a Zoo. We passed giraffe, zebra, buffalo, and every kind of antelope. Saw flocks of ostriches, partridges and guinea fowls, parties of baboons and wild pigs.

After twelve hours in the train again our complexions have changed. This time, we all,—the men included—look like a crowd of red Indians—such horrible red dust sticks on to everything, and what to do for the best during the night part of the journey is a problem. For those who sleep with the windows down regret it, as they are choked up by the dust. Those who slept with all windows closed, regret it, as it is so stuffy, and they wake up with a headache.

Just outside Kibwezi station early one morning our engine was charged by a rhino, who got the worst of that little boxing-match, so he was severely punished for getting into that little Irish paddy, because he must have that one particular piece of the railway line to take his early morning walk on!

We had a very fine view of Kilimanjaro, with its saddle-shape top, all covered with snow. Before the war this mountain was in what was once called German East Africa, but now that colony is called Tanganyika.

On arriving at Nairobi station we found Charles Ware, (Harry's future partner) waiting on the platform for us. As he is a bachelor we are to share his bungalow with him, he being only too thankful to let me run the house-keeping.

Like most Nairobits, his home is out of the town in a suburb called "The Hill," which is extremely pretty, and very healthy. The bungalow only contains five rooms (no up-stairs). A lovely three-acre garden round it, full of English flowers of all sorts, which keep blooming all

the year round, likewise the vegetables, which never get out of season.

CHAPTER II.

Our first impression of Kenya was very pleasing and satisfactory, and we have never had cause to regret our decision. Naturally, at first I found the house-keeping rather bewildering, not knowing the Swahili language. We kept six native-servants, who are always called "Boys," however old they may be. They were all very willing and obliging—but again, like the country and the kleptomaniac, they always took everything very quietly. They are a most cheery lot, and whatever they can find to talk and laugh about all day amongst themselves is a real marvel. If Harry is "listening-in" I shew off my fluent Swahili, so shout across to our boys when too much noise going on, "Makelele yenu ni makui kupita ngurumo ya bahari," (your noise is greater than the roar of the ocean). Harry at present can only shout to them, "basi kelele" (shut up!). Man-like he did not pick up the language nearly so quickly as his smart wife. Of course, he said that most women pick up things much quicker than men, hence so many "she-kleptomaniacs." So to punish him for that uncalled-for remark I often allowed him to flounder along in his funny Swahili before going to his rescue.

On arriving home one day very thirsty, he shouted for the cork-screw many times, to open a fresh bottle of whiskey. The patient boy brought him everything that he shouted for, even to onions, and a mosquito-net coming on to the scenes. Then I proudly chirped out, "Nataka, skrubu ya kuondolea kizibo." All that for one innocent little "cork-screw!" I then told Harry that Spanish proverb, which is, "Better to be born wise than rich."

Harry, in a very off-hand, lordly way said, "Oh! I knew what 'cork-screw' was all the time, but was too thirsty just then to shout out that long rigmarole." (Don't you believe it!) The cook is my chief trouble in life, and

I fear it will always be so, as we never seem to see "eye to eye."

At first these outside kitchens gave me a terrible shock, as they are only dirty corrugated-iron huts, fitted up with nothing, not even a stove, shelves or a cupboard. The cooking is mostly done on little fires dotted about on the cement floors, with many paraffin-tins cut in half, thus making small ovens, which are covered up all round and over with red-hot cinders. Then there is the one and only old faithful frying-pan, used for onions, eggs, fish, bacon, omelettes, and pan-cakes. About half-a-dozen saucepans of all sizes badly battered about and their handles missing. One big enamel spoon, half the handle gone. One old useful knife that is always extra sharpened up on stones when required to cut off the many fowls' heads. It is so well worn that its point is like a sharp dagger, and as thin as a safety-razor blade—we shall soon find its thin dagger-like point in our next cottage-pie, or perhaps resting peacefully in the gibletpie amongst the remains of the fowls he has so often helped to murder. "So in death they were not divided." Then in this wonderful kitchen there must always be the chopper, as only wood is burnt out here. This implement always causes many a neighbourly quarrel; as boys will borrow it—of course, ours do ditto. When it is returned to the rightful place it is mostly useless, as its head has been broken off; it is very quietly put back again, and laid very "poly-poly" on the kitchen floor, looking quite alright until picked up, then one finds that the handle only is in one's hand, and the head remains on the ground.

Then I must never forget the "all-important kitchen table." Although still young, being only three years old, it has grown into a very old, rickety and gloomy affair, whose top is hacked and scarred all over with cruelty, and aged before its time; begrimed with oil, black with grease, slippery fat, stained with much blood, and juices, and many deep life-long burns; which scars it will carry to its death, when it will be chopped up for fire-wood,

On this wonderful table of many uses cook minces meat, cleans his fish, chops up onions and delicious salads, rolls out beautiful pastry on it, also early morning scones. If not watched most carefully, cook will also turn this table into his bed for sleeping on. This dear old cook keeps his nails long, as that often saves him using the knife. He can cut open raisins with them, and in quite a professional manner digs out the seeds in a real "pukka" slick style with his thumb-nail. I tell him many times a day to be sure and wash his hands well before cooking. No doubt at times he may remember to do it, but then he will wipe his hands on either his dirty trousers or on his "kitambaa" (loin-cloth). With these cooks it is the true case of "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Also, if his menu is a bit short—then let us be thankful for the things we haven't got.

The first thing I had to do was to make a clean sweep of all these servants, and start new boys in my own English ways. I actually engaged a really clean, good cook, who kept all the kitchen articles very clean, even to the table, which, after a time, unlike the leopard, did change its spots, and so became spotless. This cook too, always did exactly as I shewed him, and seemed very anxious to learn new dishes. One day I shewed him how to make a sponge-cake, consisting of six eggs amongst the other materials. Unfortunately the time I was teaching him this cake-making, six of my eggs were rotten, so threw those down into the rubbish-bucket. Next time cook had to make this cake by himself, on my going into the kitchen to see how it was progressing I noticed he had used a dozen eggs, so I asked him about it. He said he had faithfully done exactly the same as I had shewn him, had put six eggs into the cake, and thrown six eggs into the bucket, although they were quite good ones!

Sad to relate this noted clean cook caused me a great shock one afternoon. I was then supposed to be taking the usual siesta, when I suddenly remembered that I had not told cook that two extra were coming to dinner, so slipped

quietly out into the kitchen to tell him, and to my surprise found him sitting like a big brown frog on the kitchen-table in the same amount of clothes that he was born in, with his dainty little feet soaking placidly in my soup-tureen, and the new glass-cloth handy by his side to wipe his trotters on !

Most cooks will have a "toto" (a small boy) to help him in the kitchen. It is just like having a big baboon unchained about the house. He nearly drove me mad—what with the jam, sugar, etc., he stole, many breakages every day, and quite impossible to keep himself clean. His only article of dress he wore when he had to appear on the scene, would be one of my nice new tea-clothes for wiping the china on, which he never used for that purpose. I was continually telling him, "Nimem wambia mara nyingi asizirambe sahani" (I have told you many times not to lick the plates). Then one day cook trusted him to mash the potatoes, and put an egg in. Whilst cook's back was turned, he put in the whole of the egg, shell and all ! After that his last day had come, and no more totos in my kitchen !

But this good old cook I kept for years. He was supposed to be a mission-boy, although I think he belonged to a world-wide religion, or we will say that he was very broad-minded. For if the Roman Catholics were having a treat and presents were going to be given away, he would get to know before hand, and a few weeks ahead, join up to that Church, then he was able to attend the feast and have a new shirt given him as a reward for his regular attendance. Maybe the English Church would later on be doing likewise, he would then attend those classes, and at Christmas would receive a nice blanket. This little trick he did on all these religions, and so kept himself in clothes all the year round. On seeing him in a new shirt I would ask, "Cook, what religion is that shirt ?" I noted that he avoided all the numerous "fasts," but joined heartily in all the "feasts !" At last one of these missions became very low down with their funds, so could not afford to

give any more blankets away, so cook ceased attending that mission. Soon one of their helpers called on him to enquire about his absence, and he at once truthfully said, "Me no blanket, me no Jesus!" This cook at heart was a Mahomedan.

I was very fortunate in engaging a nice, willing house-boy, and was training him well, when suddenly he disappeared like a flash of lightning, and although his month's pay was nearly due, I have never seen him since. It was the afternoon that our Bishop and his wife had promised to pay me a call, so I was most anxious to shew forth my good house-keeping. I had prepared before hand the tea-tray nicely set with my best (wedding-present) tea-set, on a lovely real lace, dainty cloth, so my well-trained boy had only to bring in this tray. Unfortunately some "mpumbavu" (fool) of a builder had nailed a strip of wood across the door-way, which I had myself many times tripped over. My visitors arrived. I proudly tinkled my bell—the usual style is to shout across to the kitchen. My smart boy came at once, so I gave the order proudly, "Mtengezee chai mara moja" (make tea at once). The bishop kindly complimented me on my house-keeping arrangements, and I was just saying so sweetly, "Nalikuja, nikaona, nikashinda" (I came, I saw, I conquered), when the house-boy tumbled in head first over that "shaitani" piece of wood in the door-way. He dropped the tray and everything. It was a tremendous crash, everything was broken, and my dainty cloth and cakes sodden with tea and cream. The poor, terrified boy bolted, and flew for his life. Although it is now four years ago, I have never seen him since, so guess he may still be on the run. My room and floor looked like an aftermath of a German air-raid. My kind visitors were most sorry for me, as they could see how very upset I was, nearly as badly as the poor tray, so they took me back to their house for tea, and when I returned two hours later cook had cleared away the débris.

On the road back I found another stray boy looking for

work, so I engaged him on the spot. This is mostly the way we engage our servants. We may be walking quietly along the road, when a native comes up and gives you a very dirty looking envelope, which contains his testimonials from all the past houses that he has worked for. Of course he may have borrowed these from some of his many friends for a small "zawadi" (gift) or bacheeh, or, not at all unlikely, a smart mission-boy will write him one if paid well enough. Sometimes these genuine letters are very amusing, as the owner cannot read them, and so is blissfully ignorant of the contents, and his character given by his late master :—

"To whom it may concern. This boy, 'Musa,' worked for me one month only. In that short time he stole all that he could lay his hands on ; he is dirty, lazy and a liar."

He smiles back quite hopefully when told that he will *not* suit you, and goes on to the next person he may meet, and so tries his luck again.

For our garden we keep two shamba-boys. These are always born lazy, and will roll under a cool hedge and take "forty winks." Unless disturbed by hard kicks they would sleep forty hours ; they can sleep like new-born babes—so innocently, and peacefully, even if their couch may be made of sharp stones, rocks and lumps, just as if it were the best feather-bed. They are very anxious to knock off work too soon at the end of the day. Their excuse is, "It is too dark to see any more weeds." I always rejoin—"that was just what the lazy man said from inside his coffin."

In a few months Harry and myself were quite settled down in our new life, both very happy and kept wonderfully well. Charles is a real good chum. All he wrote and promised us about his flourishing practice is more than true, and it is improving every month, so we have no worries or fears for the future.

Perhaps I am a little disappointed in the Nairobi climate, as I always thought that Africa meant continual sunshine, but Nairobi gets so many dull, cloudy days, although perhaps

no rain. The early mornings and evenings may be so cold that we should enjoy a fire, but in many houses we have no fireplaces, so go to bed early to keep warm.

For all this little growl about the climate, it is ever so much better than cold, foggy, mizzly, rainy England. So one must be thankful for a candle if one cannot have the sun. Poor old England has only a farthing rush-light, which during fogs goes out for days. I hear that Mombasa has all the sun, and Nairobi has only the candle.

After we had been in Nairobi a year, and Harry knew all the office routine thoroughly, Charles felt that he deserved a little holiday, so fixed up with some of his friends to go for a month's trip to Mount Kenia. It is about one hundred miles out of Nairobi, on a fairly good motor-car road, except for the last twelve miles, which is too steep and rough, so one must go on foot that distance. They took as many skates as they could borrow, as they heard that there is fine skating pond up there.

In three weeks Charles returned a wiser and sadder man, and said all those glowing accounts of the skating, and it becoming the future St. Moritz of Kenya, was a bit of a wash-out, or rather "a bit of a frost," as it was too bitterly cold, and the altitude too high for the heart to do very much exertion. The skating-pond was 12,000 feet up, and very difficult to reach; and when they arrived they were too pumped-out to do any skating. But for all these drawbacks he was very glad he had been to explore it himself, and find out the real truth. He had thoroughly enjoyed the excursion. The scenery was glorious and grand, and he felt all the better for his holiday.

CHAPTER III.

After Charles had returned from his holiday, it was our turn to take one, but we did not fancy such a cold change, as Charles had with climbing half-way up Mt. Kenia, as neither of us have yet forgotten those cold, dreary English days. It is "the Sun" that we long to sit and bask in!

Last June we went down to Mombasa for three weeks, and Harry had some fine big exciting fishing days. Mombasa, at times, when the steamers arrive in port, is a very busy little island, as it is the only port of entry for Kenya and Uganda, also many Belgians pass through on their way to the Congo. From April to October, Mombasa is delightfully cool and pleasant, with delightful sunny weather.

About half-way on the railway, we pass a station called Magadi-Junction, a few miles from here is that big Magadi (soda) Lake, the biggest in the world. So no wonder Kenya folks drink whisky and brandy by the barrel, when, so to speak, soda is at their door. To make a real "boom" in this rather unknown Colony, some wise, smart bird has only to empty a few casks of brandy in half of this soda-lake, and whisky in the other half, then advertise that a "Brandy and Soda lake, Whisky and Soda lake," has lately been found in Kenya-Colony! My word! there would not be enough steamers built to carry the passengers out here. The excitement and "booming" would be heard all over the world, and Kenya's future secured for ever, and all would soon be rolling in wealth—or rolling drunk!

But now back again to this little island of perpetual calm, where generally every day is like every other day, as nothing exciting ever happens. "The same yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, and always." But the time of our visit proved the exception as we spent three jolly, gay weeks there, as the two men-of-war, "The Cairo," and "Colombo," were stationed there for a month, and the Mombasaites were giving these naval visitors a real gala-time, with fun and sport of all descriptions. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, although at times Harry sang that hymn, "Where every prospect pleases, But only prickly heat is vile." I answered that by saying to him, "If thy prickle heat doth prickle, be thankful, considering it is still *only June*, and the blizzard doth *not* blizz here, as it may be doing now in England!"

This coming holiday Harry had planned to be a six weeks' safari, which will give us time for a nice little shoot. He soon fixed up his licence, which included elephant and giraffe, also smaller game is allowed. I did not take out a licence, as in my heart I hate killing animals. If shooting animals I would be so nervous that I might only shoot and wound, and not kill right-out, the poor beastie, who might be days lingering before death came.

We collected about thirty boys to carry our tents, bedding, and chakula (provisions). We could not afford to engage the usual professional white-hunter, as their pay is mostly £5 per day and all expenses. So Harry engaged a well-known, good Somali as his gun-bearer, which was much cheaper; he proved to be an excellent man, very brave and faithful. Then we hired two small strong mules for riding.

At last all was in readiness for our safari to start! To begin with, we took the train to Naivasha, rode on our mules to the Aberdare Range, where there is a large bamboo-forest. One can mostly come across elephants about there. The natives in that district told us that the elephants just then were making their big trek, and moving their quarters.

This being our first safari it was a life of surprises to us. It was a most delightful way of spending a holiday, so romantic sleeping in a tent right out "in the blue." We were always hungry, never any growls with the food that the cook sent to us. Whatever it was, it tasted extra good. I took my two good airedale dogs with me, so at any time that Harry had to leave me alone, I should feel quite safe with such good company. After a few days had passed with small shooting, Harry getting his hand and eye in good training, he started to look out for bigger and more exciting game.

One morning later our Somali man woke us up very early, saying some natives had just arrived in camp to report that "Arubaini ngurumu ndovu," (forty roaring elephants) were on the rampage and tearing up the trees and banana-

plants, stamping down the maize crops and little huts. The small village were terrified and running away for safety. We soon dressed, and on our mules. Abdulla (the somali) told Harry it would be quite safe for me to accompany them up to a certain distance, so I took along my good field-glasses so as to be able to see all the sport well, from a safe corner.

About an hour's ride we could hear their bellowing and trumpeting, and by the aid of our glasses could see quite plainly the big bulls leading the herd and the smaller ones following up behind. Abdulla soon found me a safe corner to watch proceedings, and I was left with the two mules, and six boys. The latter we hoped would soon be required to cut up the future victim, and carry back the meat to our camp to give a great feast to all. So, needless to mention, these boys took a very great motherly interest in this shauri. All the natives seem to live for is their "dear little Mary," and will even eat the flesh when the animal has died from disease, though this often causes very bad sickness amongst them, even to many deaths. Lately nine died from anthrax through eating an infected beast. I felt quite safe in my corner, especially as the herd were moving away from me, but the two mules seemed very nervy and fidgety. They must have scented danger in the air.

Harry and Abdulla carried loaded rifles containing "450" cartridge, which is the best for elephant. I could plainly see Abdulla and Harry creeping very cautiously along, getting up closer to the herd. Soon they were near to the bulls—especially one extra hefty fellow who was proudly leading the way, quite unconscious of any danger near. Abdulla then turned to Harry and made signs to fire at that special one, as it was now in an excellent position to get a good shot just on the forehead between the eyes. The boys now were watching breathlessly, and I anxiously, as I could see all that passed quite plainly through my excellent field-glasses. Up went Harry's rifle to his shoulder, and he pulled the trigger. Was I dreaming?

I heard no report, or saw the usual small puff of smoke. I could only hear the thudding of my heart, and I went so faint and dizzy that it was impossible to hold up my glasses any longer. The boys around me seemed to make sounds of groaning and moaning. I believed I heard Harry shout out to Abdulla when his rifle mis-fired, for the bull must have heard his voice, as he came rushing down on to him, bellowing and roaring in a terrible rage, and was now only a few yards from him. I saw Harry fall, and I thought the bull had got him. After that I can remember nothing clearly.

I was suddenly startled by hearing two sharp rifle-reports ring out. The boys around me heaved a sigh of relief, which gave me strength and courage once more, so I raised my glasses with shaking hands. I was just in time to see the huge mountain of flesh fall slowly over to the ground, and my dear Harry scrambling unhurt on to his feet again. I cried :—"Thank God !"

The boys sent wild up whoops of joy and started dancing about wildly, and then rushed off to get on to the scene at once. Harry as soon as possible came to me, as he knew I must have had a very bad shaking up. He was a bit upset, too, and we were both more than grateful for a stiff drink of whisky and soda, after that we once more felt thoroughly English. Harry certainly had a very close shave. We examined the broken rifle, as far as we could pick up the pieces. The angry brute must have stopped to stamp the rifle into smithereens—perhaps those few seconds' delay might have been the saving of Harry's life. Harry was sadly grieved over losing his favourite rifle, so you bet I jumped on him. What price a paltry rifle compared to his life? Anyhow, it seemed this rifle had "jammed" just at the critical moment. Fortunately Abdulla was close by and anxiously watching, ready to fire if anything might go wrong, and when he saw Harry's rifle "missed-fire" he at once fired two bullets, and the bull's career was stopped for ever. The rest of the herd, on hearing the report of firing, at once fled away into the thick forest, so we were now quite safe from them.

By now I was able to walk up to the death-scene with my camera, so as to get a good snap-shot of this first elephant of ours. But this was easier said than done, for I could not get near enough, or even see it. The sight reminded me of a swarm of big ants on a hill, for now the carcase was at once attacked by swarms of natives, already hacking chunks of flesh off, so at first it was impossible for me to do anything. Abdulla had to drive them off with his rifle so as to give me a chance. This photo was a sad failure, for the natives would not stand back and give me a fair chance long enough. We soon got our own boys to cut out the tusks, which were a very fine handsome pair weighing three hundred pounds. I wanted the feet, as I could have them made up into souvenirs as paper-boxes or work-boxes, and the tail, as its stiff whalebone-like black bristles make up into ornaments such as bracelets, rings, or a neck-band. These articles are considered to bring good luck to the wearer. Perhaps it may be so, for to-day, on looking back all those years, I have been very lucky having an extra good husband, good health, and wealth. So what more does a mortal want?

We then made our way back to our camp, leaving many boys still cutting off chunks of flesh to bring along to the camp for their evening's feast. Once in my tent, I found myself dead-tired, with a terrible headache and a touch of fever, so had to lie down quietly for the rest of the day. Really, no wonder, for I had gone through a "terrification" time since that early morning! It had sadly upset my usually strong nerves. Nights afterwards, just as I would be dropping off to sleep, suddenly in a flash I would see it all over again—Harry falling down right in front of that raging elephant. So we all thought the best cure for that would be to move on our camp, and so get a thorough change of surroundings.

In a few days we found ourselves camped quite near to Lake Navaisha, where we had started from. I soon felt quite myself again, although I had the sad misfortune to lose one of my dear airedale-dogs there. We always had

both of them to sleep inside our tent, as much for our own safety as for theirs. But one night a leopard must have crept in extra quietly and snapped her up. Dogs are their favourite tit-bits, and it is always very difficult to keep them safe on safari. It so upset us that the next night we fixed a trap with a loaded rifle attached to it, and a bleating goat as bait, as we were determined to have our revenge over the loss of our pet-dog. About midnight we heard the report of the rifle, so at once went to see results. There was Mr. Leopard shot in the jaw, and struggling on the ground. Harry soon finished him off, and I at once let the poor little trembling goat free. He was a fine handsome fellow, beautifully marked, ten feet long from the tip of his tail to his head, but the shot had rather spoilt his head for mounting. All the natives around the district were delighted at his death, as he had even stolen two small children one night out of a hut. They told us there was still left Mrs. Leopard and a small Master Leopard which one afternoon we saw in the distance whilst we were visiting a river collecting a few lovely ferns to take back with us to Nairobi. For once neither of us had a rifle, only a garden trowel and a basket, so could not follow them up.

The many hippos in this Lake amused us very much. They mostly seemed to leave the water every evening, and then, when dark, would take a land-stroll and visit any farm near, making a hearty supper of cabbages, or anything nice and green and juicy, not forgetting to leave their sweet dainty little footmarks behind, which did more damage than what they stole. Sometimes the full moon made them feel a bit frisky, so they would roll about over the ground, and do a few fox-trots, and the latest "Hippos-hugs." The next morning the ground would look as if a ten ton steam-roller had been prancing about all that night.

Early mornings we watched the families taking the usual dip, mixed bathing being allowed; but the "totos" (youngsters) kept close to their mothers, the only thing they seemed to do was to sink out of sight like big kitchen-tables, take a walk about on the bottom of the lake for a

few minutes, then come up again like a big table, snorting and opening their awful, big red mouths. These and rhinos are about the ugliest animals ever to be seen. Could anyone ever make pets of them?

The whole of our camp laughed at me because I never wanted to shoot, but one day when out riding we came across a kongoni very close upon us, just on the brow of a hill. He was bravely standing there as sentry guard to about one hundred others that were quietly grazing down below on the plains. This is one of their habits, it being mostly the oldest kongoni of the herd who are chosen "sentry." He has to stand up on a hillock in view of everybody and everything, never nibbling, but carefully on the watch to give warning at once of danger to the herd down below.

Harry said, on seeing this brave fellow so near to us, "Now this is a real good chance for you, as you *cannot* miss him, if you tried ever so much." He passed over his rifle to me. I took the rifle, and was in the act of pulling the trigger, when this fine brave old animal turned round and saw me. He looked me straight in my face, with most beautiful, big, brown eyes, which said quite plainly, "Why shoot me? Have I ever done you any harm?" After that it was impossible for me to fire, so I returned the rifle to Harry, who had also seen the kongoni's face, and had to admire his fearless pluck, so he was also kind-hearted enough to leave that brave fellow alive in peace.

I must not forget to mention that once I did use my rifle, and somehow with great success. It all happened before I knew what I had done. I was walking across a plain,—Harry had stopped to see an ostrich's nest that he had suddenly come across. It was not very often I carried a loaded rifle, but this district was noted for many lions, so I was prepared for them. All at once I heard a terrific snorting and a cloud of dust, then saw a rihno making straight for me. I had already heard many stories about these many nearly blind animals, who can only follow one up by scent on the wind blowing from off of one. I was able

to turn right round into the cover of a thick thorn-tree, but it was too painful a position, with those big thorns sticking into me, and some natural instinct made me use my rifle at once, as the Rhino was still on my tracks. I fired, and to my great surprise—and I guess also to the rhino's—saw him fall down on to his knees. Harry was very quickly on the spot, and shot him dead at once. I found that I had broken his left front leg with my shot. I did not feel the least bit sad over this killing affair, as it was now up to me to say to this spiteful creature, "Why did you chase me? What harm have I ever done to you, or yours?" Rhinos seem more like the devil roaming about, for they do not kill because they are hungry, and so eat one. The only pleasure it gives them to kill is to trample one into a jelly and there leave one.

We then moved our camp a few miles further on, as we had heard that natives were complaining of lions paying nightly visits there, and taking away their goats. Up to the present Harry had not "his lion," so was very anxious to pay this lions' district a visit.

On our first morning of camping there, Harry was the first up, and whilst I was dressing for breakfast, he, with one of the camp-boys, and his rifle, took a short stroll. About ten minutes after I heard the report of the rifle, and guessed Harry was shooting the daily meat for the camp. Just as I was getting impatient to have my breakfast Harry rushed in all breathless, and full of excitement, and gasped out, "In this last half-an-hour I've shot four lions!" I only laughed, as I thought that he was pulling my leg! But, sure enough, on my walking a short distance, there I found the four dead lions, and took a beautiful snap-shot of them—one black-maned lion, the lioness, and two full-grown cubs. They had been paying their usual nightly visits, stealing the natives' cattle, and were then on their way home to sleep off the big "tuck-in," and get a good day's rest for their coming night's prowling again. The natives were wild with joy, and gave many thanks to Harry, which included presents

of fowls, milk, eggs, etc. They all thought Harry was a real wonder, and the best lion-shooter ever born. Harry quietly laughed, as he told me it was the easiest bit of shooting that he had ever done. He had come up so near and quietly to this family, who were all walking past him very leisurely, Mr. Lion a little ahead, with his two sons following. Poor Mrs. Lion seemed rather tired out, so was dragging on behind. Mr. Lion was the first to be shot, the sons seemed too surprised at seeing their old father roll suddenly over that they at once stopped to look at him, when they also rolled on the top of their father shot dead. These three were killed at the first three shots. By this time Mrs. Lion smelt real danger, and was making for Harry at once. He climbed up a thorn-tree, and from there had a good shot at her, but only hit her in the back left leg, which stopped her coming up closer to him, so his next shot finished her. The camp-boy who had accompanied Harry had all this time sat up in a tree, too frightened to move. Abdulla was very disappointed and also rather sulky because he was not there; he had that morning stayed behind to give some of the rifles an extra clean-up. A few days later he shot a lioness with a very small young cub, which he gave to me, so he was once more our cheery, obliging Abdulla again. Then a native brought me as a present a very small baby rhino, only about a month old. Both the lion cub and this rhino had to be fed out of bottles on tinned milk, but, sad to relate, both died in about two weeks' time. If I had been at home in Nairobi I could have fed and looked after them much better, and feel sure I could have reared them.

Our safari was now getting to the end. We had had an excellent shoot, a very good bag, we had kept well all the time, and had thoroughly enjoyed every day of it. Although I had not entered much into the real shooting sport, I had spent a very happy time. The natives especially amused me, and guess I also had amused them. Harry was a great puzzle to them, only affording one very thin wife at his age. They only admire fat beauties, and

I was considered a great swindle as a wife, having no children, and not being fat! No wonder that Harry did not pay my father any money for me.

The women took a great interest in me, at times too much. They were all very anxious to come and see me take a bath. My stocking-suspenders they were greatly worried over, being elastic, and so pulled out short or long. They thought they were alive, and growing out from my body or hips. Also these natives "out in the blue," on seeing us drink any effervescing fruit-salts, etc., thought the bubbles meant it was boiling hot, and what wonderful folk the white people were to drink it without being scalded!

We came across one tribe, that, after a heavy shower of rain,—which mostly causes the flying ant to come out of holes in the ground to make their short fly—lie flat down on their tummies over these holes, and eat hundreds of these ants as they reach the top, by opening their big jaws right over the hole. So the poor innocent ants must be surprised to find themselves in another warmer hole, whereas nature meant them to spread open their wings and see a little of the world before they died. But these natives diddle them out of their last and best chapter of their under-ground lives, enough to cause them all to go on strike! The wonder of all this to me was that it never mattered what size the ant's hole was, the native's jaws was always large enough to stretch right over it. Then, when they looked up to me, their faces would be covered over with these ants' wings sticking on to them.

Our six weeks had expired, so we made our way to the railway station and took the train to Nairobi. There we found our faithful Charles waiting for us, delighted to have his housekeeper back once more, so as to take that worry off from his shoulders. I must own I was delighted once more to find myself in a soft, comfortable bed, and nice big room, and a well-fitted-up bathroom again.

Harry was very much congratulated over his splendid trophies; he was certainly very lucky. Our safari was not very expensive, thanks to the elephant's tusks, which

weighed 150 lbs each. Just then the market was fetching high prices, and their sale helped us on nicely towards our expenses.

CHAPTER IV.

What I missed most in Kenya was a real good shopping-day, and those delightful summer and winter London Sales. It is seriously born in every woman's blood to shop, just as cats like catching mice. To get parcels out by post, is like eating an egg without salt. It is refined cruelty on the part of these big London firms to post out to the women here their catalogues of "Summer-Sales." The S.P.C.A. should see into this—both for the wives' sakes and also the husbands'. This small book causes many a domestic row, and much discontent. I at once say to Harry, "Another little frock won't do me any harm." Man-like he answers "Even a frock will turn," and "it's time to stop spending money, etc." I sigh out and rejoin, "It's never too late to spend!"

Husbands MUST remember that a good bargain sale does his wife much more good than all the doctor's tonics in the world—a sure cure for nerves and snappishness. I think I can hear him say, "The women who go to a bargain sale must be cracked; but it is worse for her husband, as he always gets broke!"

All these years in Nairobi we never made any genuine old-fashioned friends. The Nairobi women-folk did not take to me at all. I had never before left England, so this was my first visit abroad. Yet I so often hear that Mrs. So-and-So knew me in Maritzburg, when I was her greatest friend's nurse to her four children, and pushed the baby in the pram! Yet another lady had seen me up in Rhodesia as a barmaid in one of the hotels there. Then pray what was she doing in that bar with me? "Bow-wow." I am now quite prepared to hear that someone has seen me "with their very own eyes" as a circus-rider in a travelling company in China, or else in Japan working with those

native-women, carrying up baskets of coal on my head, coaling the steamers there ! It is so tantalizing that no one has ever seen me in the company of royalty ; or in grand places ! Then there is a very strong whisper and rumour about me living on such friendly terms with Charles—"It is most suspicious !" After that sad rumour I ought to try and be like the good little caterpillars, and improve my morals by turning over a new leaf !

Some of the Nairobi men are just as guilty of repeating these silly unkind rumours as the ladies. Very seldom will one man speak well of another without a sneer or that horrid shrug of the shoulders, and then that sneer and shoulder-shrug is sure to be passed on elsewhere—of course with additions ! It is generally found that the smaller the town the greater the proportion of this silly scandal, although it ought only to be prescribed to a certain class of intellect. Nairobi town is just like a dog with an ill nose, clever at smelling out whatever is unsavoury. It should be re-christened "The Lizzy-dimit town !" One local paper lately proposed that the Bishop should insist on every chaplain and minister delivering a sermon at least once a month on this hideous habit of besmirching other people's characters, and finish up by this prayer, "Pray God, make all the bad and spiteful people good, and all the good people nice."

I am sadly afraid that I kept off all the ladies from Charles, or maybe he might have had an admiring crowd around him, although he is already engaged to a very charming girl in England. He shudders when begging me never to leave him or forsake him until he is safely married, but I tell him if I do have to depart he must always remember this very wise saying—"An onion a day keeps the girlies away !"

A very good yarn is now told in Nairobi about a Kikuyu native boy who is working the lift in Nairobi-House. A passenger stepped into the lift and said "Juu" (up). This sadly hurt the poor native's feelings, as he at once said, "Me no Jew—me Kikuyu."

Shooting-parties need have no fear that the game is getting finished, although we do not see such large herds so close to the railway line as in the olden days. The animals are still there, but they are very timid of trains, and of course as the Colony grows larger the traffic increases, so the game keep away from all this noise and disturbance.

The Nairobi of to-day is growing very civilised, more like a small London suburb. During the dry season, out on the veldt, water there is very scarce, which often drives the wild animals into the town at nights for a drink. Lately one midnight a fully grown leopard found its way into Nairobi, and passing the fire-station attacked the Fire-master's little dog, which was lying out in the road-way. The leopard seized this poor dog by the leg and made off so quickly that it could not be caught.

In a recent Nairobi paper is mentioned a case of a Masai who has been brought in to the hospital suffering from serious injuries received as the result of a fight with a lion. There was another case in this same hospital of a native who had a fight with a lion a few weeks ago, when the lion made off, but he took away with him the poor native's hand. These natives are wonderfully plucky in attacking lions, armed only with a spear. Two natives recently killed a lion by that manner, but one of the courageous heroes suffered badly from a torn and lacerated face. All these wounded boys are now fully recovered. If they had been white men, there would have been very little chance of saving their lives, as blood-poison soon sets in, or gangrene, then tetanus takes place, when there is no hope.

During the past four months no less than six giraffes have been killed on the Uganda Railway, between Mombasa and Nairobi. Five females, and one fine large male; maybe he was looking for his wives, who were wanting to see the sights of the wonderful world. Women are always more inquisitive than men, as they must always be learning. A determined effort is being made to reduce the number of Zebra up on the Plateau. A thousand skins were railed

recently, and there are several more hundreds waiting to be dispatched.

This notice I have copied from one of our local papers—
BIRTH.

“At Government House, Nairobi, on Leap Year day, February 29th, 1924, to Bibi, wife of Mr. Leo. *Simba* (*Lion*), twins, a son and a daughter. Mother and children doing well.

“Members of the general public are urged to curb their curiosity for a week, because Mrs. Simba if disturbed may commit the terrible crime of devouring up her children.”

CHAPTER V.

One day Charles came home and told us he had bought five tickets in the Calcutta sweepstake, Harry was to pay for half and share, and halve (if any) winnings! We quite forgot about them, and I had put them away somewhere. About two months afterwards we received a cable telling us that one of our numbers had won the first prize in that sweep of £70,000. Needless to say, it just took our breath away, we were quite “knocked over.” At once the scenes were changed. Our home, and especially *me*, seemed suddenly turned into such a nice, happy, respected household by all the Nairobi ladies, who had also suddenly changed into such sweet, charming, bosom friends. I was at once “a priceless darling,” and their very “dearest friend.” They quite thought that I would let bygones be bygones, but I had no wish to be a “bygoner.” I am certainly a “here now,” and mean to stick to that!

The next few months passed very happily, making our future plans. Charles and Harry decided to sell out their good practice, as we were all very glad to leave Nairobi, but not Kenya, which we all loved by this time. Charles arranged to go to England to get married, and have a long, jolly, honeymoon before returning to Kenya.

Harry and myself are also going to England. We are going to make a world's tour, and finally return to Kenya, and buy a coffee-shamba, and so settle down on that and live happy ever after. Charles says that he is doing likewise. Last evening I overheard Harry and Charles chatting about their future farms, and Charles laughingly said, "Harry, what's a heifer?" Harry answered, "Well, to tell you the honest truth, I really don't know much about poultry." As it is coffee they are going in for, no need for them to puzzle over heifers and fowls. Even with coffee they both must engage a good manager to teach them the first year, as there seems a lot to learn about it. But I feel I shall just enjoy farm life, and mean to take up poultry as a hobby, and am already studying up books on this subject, but find it is very difficult for inexperienced young farmers. Imagine this. A clever professor has found out this startling but true fact. He has proved it by practical results—that when a hen moults very badly it changes her into a cock-bird. What a terrible upset this must make in the poultry-run! Just imagine a "He," or rather one of the "Has-been-Shes," with a very lurid past, being allowed to peck along-side with sweet, fluffy, little chicks of a few days old! One can quite believe that this moulted hen belonged to the well-known breed always spoken of as "The hen-pecking bird" of the farmyard, and after the moulting this same "Hen-cock bird" would be "The cock of the walk!" And why not? As no other bird has had that experience of motherhood for the first part of her life, and then to end up by father-hood. But what a terrible calamity to take place in a farmyard. For supposing a very severe epidemic of moulting were to break out—what price eggs? Harry wisely tells me not to worry too much over it, as it must have been going on ever since the beginning of the world, and no one knew about it. But I believe the old folk did, and that is the reason of that proverb, "Don't count your chickens before they're hatched." I shall now after this add on a little bit more—

“ Don't count your chickens before they're hatched,”
Maybe they're not correctly matched,
For if the hen a-moulting be,
She's not a she, she's only He ! ”

It starts one off thinking and puzzling about all these many bald-headed men that we see around us daily. Well ! I guess the only thing to do will be to say, as these natives always say, “ Shauri M'ngu ” (God's business) !

I am truly sorry that I have had to write about this “ sex-question,” but have lately noticed that a London reviewer remarked that unless the “ Sex-question ” is worked into a book, the public will never read it, it is sure to be a failure or a “ wash-out.” So this little book may now be very successful !

I have lately received very cheery, jolly, letters from my brothers, who have also decided to invest in a coffee plantation, but they have chosen Tanganyika for their district, which certainly produces some very fine and extra good coffee. The cost of establishing a coffee plantation, apart from the original price of the land, can be taken as anything from £20 to £25 per acre of actual cost. Trees come into bearing about in four years' time ; some trees have been known to continue yielding for about at least seventy to eighty years. Once the plantation is all planted, it is a very nice life. It has then only to be kept clean, and watched very carefully in case any disease or mdudu (insects) might come along. Only very busy once a year during the picking-time, in which the native women can help.

I am now very busy packing up, and arranging with the auctioneer to sell our home. I have also just booked our steamer-tickets to travel on the next boat going to England, so now have auction-sales, and sea-sickness on the brain. Of course Pelmanism would here say that it is quite the correct combination—as one is the sale of effects, and the other—the effect of a sail.

Perhaps after that I had better say quickly "Qua-haerrie" (Good-bye), and also, "Ema bahati" (good luck), to all Kenya-ites, and also to the future ones who are thinking of coming out here !





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